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The Shape of Things

ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS TOUR OF THE battlefronts, Senator Lodge declared "that the whole character of the Pacific war would change if the United States had access to the Pacific coastal area of Russia." He added that for "reasons of security" he would not say what this would mean in terms of American lives spared, but in the secret (sic) session of the Senate he quoted Generals MacArthur and Chennault as asserting that a million American casualties would be prevented by the use of Siberian bases. We do not know whether these officers were correctly reported: Senator Brewster, who was on the same trip, said he had not heard any such figures mentioned. But in any case Mr. Lodge plumbed the depths of irresponsibility when he tossed off this statement. He has been in the Senate long enough to know it would inevitably escape from that notoriously leaky chamber. And now that it has been thrown to the headlines, how many parents and wives will think: but for the Russians my boy, my man, might have been saved? Loose statements of this sort almost always out-distance objective examinations which expose their falsity. It is little use now to ask whether we are in a position to supply and defend these bases. The Japanese are much nearer to Siberia than we are and the brunt of the task of keeping them out would fall on the Red Army. Is Mr. Lodge keeping under his hat information about Soviet strength in the Far East which leads him to suppose that Japan would not dare to move across the Manchurian border? And has he estimated what the use of these bases by us would mean in terms of Russian lives lost?

★

DID YOU KNOW THAT THE UNITED STATES government has had "a supreme and firm purpose to have no relations with any government, such as that of Vichy, which would give the slightest encouragement to Hitler, either directly or indirectly"? We would not have suspected the existence of this policy but for the publication by the State Department last week of six diplomatic documents covering the last half of 1940. One of these is a memorandum by Secretary of State Hull in which is recounted the lecture administered by that official to M. Gaston Henry-Haye. The Vichy Ambassador

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was not only advised of our forthright position as recounted above but was also given to understand that appeasement, like crime, does not pay. "I said that Laval may think that he can appease Mr. Hitler," Hull reports, "just as others heretofore have imagined that they could appease him," but that our government knew better and would "take no chances." M. Henry-Haye may have misunderstood the Secretary, or perhaps the Ambassador's cables to Pétain were garbled in transmission, or maybe the Marshal himself was garbled. In any event it is one of the ironies of history that following Mr. Hull's warning the Vichy government proceeded to throw itself, body and soul, at the feet of the Führer, and that Mr. Hull, appearing to forget all about this government's "supreme and firm purpose," not only maintained relations with the men of Vichy but roundly damned their French opponents. And if all this should be considered water over the dam, might it not be asked whether the present government of Spain, with its Blue Legion running alongside the Reichswehr on the eastern front, is not giving "the slightest encouragement to Hitler, either directly or indirectly"?

✱

A PLAN FOR INCREASING THE TEMPO OF Allied offensive action to a point where decisive blows could be struck this year is contained in a brilliant report on war shipping just released by the Kilgore committee. The committee points out that the success of the shipbuilding drive and the cut in submarine sinkings have combined to give the United States 3,000,000 more tons of shipping than entered into our military planning for 1943. This is sufficient shipping to equip and supply an additional million and a half troops in the European theater. Millions of additional tons could be released, the committee found, by a more intelligent and coordinated use of shipping. Great waste was found, for example, in the division of our existing merchant fleet into two sections, one operated directly by the army and navy and the other under the War Shipping Administration. The report urges that the entire merchant fleet be placed under the supervision of the WSA. Because of the understocking of warehouses at the principal ports it was found that many ships could not be loaded to capacity. Considerable inefficiency was noted in the system of competitive hiring at the piers. The committee found no mechanism on the East Coast whereby a surplus of men at one pier could be temporarily or permanently shifted to another pier. Nor is there any central direction or control over the allocation of piers, lighters, tugboats, heavy lifting equipment, or railroad facilities.

✱

BY A MAJORITY DECISION THE FEDERAL District Court has enjoined the Associated Press from continuing to enforce "in their present form" its by-laws regulating the admission of new members. Moreover, the

judgment enjoins the performance of the agency's exclusive contract with the Canadian Press and the enforcement of its restrictive by-laws forbidding members to communicate "spontaneous" news to non-members until such time as it makes more liberal provision for the admission of new applicants. The way is thus left open for the A. P. to "adopt substitutes which will restrict admission, provided that members in the same 'field' as the applicant shall not have power to impose, or dispense with, any conditions upon his admission, and that the by-laws shall affirmatively declare that the effect of admission upon the ability of an applicant to compete with members in the same 'field' shall not be taken into consideration in passing on his application." Thus the court, in effect, upholds the government's case that the A. P. has contrived to hamper competition in the newspaper business to an extent contrary to the public interest. We expect in the near future to publish a fuller analysis of this important decision. Meanwhile we should like, if we may do so without disrespect, to congratulate the court particularly on that part of its decision which deals with the defendant's charge that the suit imperiled freedom of the press. This very aged red herring is relegated to the garbage pail by the emphatic declaration that "the mere fact that a person is engaged in publishing does not exempt him from ordinary municipal law, so long as he remains unfettered in his own selection of what to publish."

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"RETREAT WITH ROOSEVELT" IS NOT THE kind of slogan that will rally labor and liberal forces to the budding campaign for a fourth term. This would seem to be self-evident, but it had to be said by Philip Murray at the convention of the United Automobile Workers and it will no doubt have to be said again and again. Because, however much the Administration has cajoled, appeased, and yielded to its right-wing support at the expense of the left, it has always been able to trade on the sad and eloquent fact that the latter had no practical alternative and could therefore be expected to string along and like it. The Tories, on the other hand, some from the South and others from the machines of the North, could be counted on to make trouble at the party convention if they were not conciliated. And if they were successful, where would labor find itself? These arguments are cogent enough to have forced some labor groups and leaders into line already, more than a year ahead of the election. But they are not fool-proof. Roosevelt is at least as essential to Cox, Dies, and Hague as he is to the C. I. O. Even Wheeler went along with him in 1940, though it poisoned his system to do it. We see no point in coming out for or against the President at this time. We see plenty of point in discussing issues, putting the spotlight on Congressional records, and laying down the conditions for supporting candidates when

the time is ripe. This is exactly what Murray advised the auto workers and they were wise enough to accept his counsel. They have put the Administration on notice that a union with a membership of 1,000,000 will "find it impossible to mobilize" strength for a fourth-term campaign "if the present Democratic policy of appeasement of the foes of progress and labor continues." This is the sort of language that will be understood in Washington.

★

ON THE EVE OF THE DOUBLE-TENTH, CHINA'S Independence Day, the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization took steps to right an ancient wrong by approving and sending to the floor a bill to repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act. The bill is expected to pass the House within a fortnight. While the action of the House committee was sudden, it represented the culmination of a drive almost unprecedented in American legislative history. Scores of organizations representing business, labor, and the churches in all parts of the country had adopted resolutions and sent in petitions demanding Congressional action. California and the Far Western states took the lead in urging that the discrimination against our gallant ally be removed at this time as a tribute to China's seven years of resistance to Japanese aggression. On the floor of the House only one man, Representative Rankin of Mississippi, rose to challenge the committee's decision. In reply Majority Leader McCormack ably summed up the case for repeal when he declared that the admission of 105 Chinese a year under the quota would, "in addition to being an act of justice on our part, distinctly be in the best interests of our country."

★

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER SEEMS to be losing its grip. Up to now the wildest charges put forward by Colonel McCormick in his crusade to keep Uncle Sam from being swallowed by the British lion have sounded as if he himself believed them or at least expected his readers to take them seriously. But his latest campaign, purporting to show that Rhodes Scholars, including the author of the Fulbright resolution, are banded together in a "secret society" which is conspiring to "overthrow the republic" and extend British rule throughout the world, sounds as if the Chicago sage had taken to burlesquing himself. It may be good yellow journalism at that, and no one has ever denied that McCormick as journalist is good and yellow. . . . The spectacle of the week is the sight of Republicans going up in flames because Eleanor Roosevelt told a joke about them in a newsreel. Unlike the endless stories these outraged gentlemen have invented about the President's wife in the past decade her joke was funny, not obscene.

Choices at Moscow

CORRESPONDENTS and news analysts are busy piecing together imaginary agenda for the coming three-power conference in Moscow. And the results of their efforts are appalling. Put together they make up a program that would keep the negotiators around the green-baize table till well past Christmas. Here are just a few of the items: (1) a second front—when? where? (2) the Siberian bases; (3) the political administration of reconquered territories—AMG versus the new Mediterranean commission, military versus civilian control, democratic groups versus subverted fascists; (4) a post-war system of collective security or a new balance of power; (5) the future of Germany—the Free Germany Committee, shall Germany keep its army? (6) Yugoslavia—Partisans or Mihailovich, Peter or the Anti-Fascist Council; (7) France—the role of the Committee of Liberation after France is liberated; (8) political alliances with lesser powers; (9) boundaries—Poland, Bessarabia, the Baltic states; (10) food relief—who shall administer it and for what ends?

Poor Mr. Hull, who can wonder that he has hesitated to plunge into this maelstrom? Even if the conference were to be held in the Wardman Park Hotel instead of the Kremlin, he would have reason enough to wish to dodge the knobby and threatening problems that face the three Foreign Ministers. How wistfully he must look back to the days when reciprocal trade treaties could be his chief preoccupation.

But there is no dodging those problems, and they can't be conjured out of existence. They can be met successfully only by men with a clear purpose, and courage, and some understanding of the human realities that lie just below the level of diplomatic maneuver. Perhaps it will help Mr. Hull if we print two sentences from a speech made by Sir Stafford Cripps the other day at a meeting of women war workers. "Men and women," he said, "forced to live in poverty, insecurity, and squalor can never form the basis of a peace-loving world. . . . No system based on injustice between one section of people in the world and another can possibly be stable." And that of course is the heart of the whole complex of problems that must be dealt with by the representatives of Russia and Britain and the United States.

They may succeed in patching up the holes in their war-time alliances and agree on the outlines of a post-war plan of European security. They may even settle boundaries. But the arrangements will be as evanescent as sky-writing unless they are founded on a system of democratic states in Europe. Russia realizes that and has consistently thrown its support to the active anti-fascist groups in every country. The United States has consistently followed the opposite course, supporting every

reactionary element which could possibly be counted on the Allied side, and some—like the Franco regime—which were ostensibly neutral but actually pro-Nazi. The British, as usual, have been consistently inconsistent; placating Russia one day and America the next; keeping Franco on their pay roll but backing De Gaulle against Vichy—and then backing Giraud against De Gaulle; supporting Mihailovich until it became evident that only the Partisans were interested in fighting the Nazis. The Foreign Office has shown no better understanding than the State Department of the necessary basis for a decent order in Europe. But it is much more clever. It has burned no bridges; its roads of diplomatic retreat are all open. Mr. Eden can adopt any line he pleases in Moscow, and a good many things he has said recently indicate that he is prepared to accept as many democratic decisions as Britain's relations with the United States permit.

When Mr. Hull goes to Moscow he will have to choose. He can either throw the mighty material power and the political prestige of the United States behind a democratic Europe or he can stick to the State Department line. It would be harder for him than for Mr. Eden to find the road back to a decent foreign policy. But the Moscow meeting does offer him a chance to repent without too plainly acknowledging past errors. If he fails to do so, then the great decisions for Europe's future will undoubtedly be taken without the help—and against the desires—of America. For while our voice is loud in the councils of the United Nations, it will not hereafter necessarily dominate the room. The Russian armies, pushing toward the old borders of Poland and Rumania in the south and the Baltic states in the north, are achieving more than a victory over their enemy. They are altering the balance of diplomatic power among the Allies. What Russia wants, it is in a position to demand. And Britain, though it is prepared to sacrifice a great deal for American friendship, may conclude that the stability of the Continent necessitates a close and continuing relationship with the Soviet Union.

Whoever represents this country at Moscow must make one of the decisive choices of our history.

Oil: Prices and Profits

THE price of crude oil is the subject of a controversy which has now been raging for many months. The oil industry and Petroleum Administrator Ickes believe that an upward revision is essential in order to stimulate additional exploration and the sinking of new wells. The OPA and representatives of consumers, including the trade unions, disagree, arguing that the increase would add to the cost of living and fatten oil company profits without a guarantee that exploration would be extended.

A few weeks ago, in an editorial paragraph, we supported this second view. Subsequently, our statements

were challenged with great courtesy by a Texas reader whose letter we published last week and, in a very different manner, by Secretary Ickes in correspondence with the editors which was not offered for publication.

We must admit that the offending paragraph dealt with a complicated subject in too summary a manner and was unfortunately worded. Citing a report of the Labor Policy Committee of the OPA, we used the expression "steal" in a way which Mr. Ickes construed as a reflection on him. Needless to say, this was far from our intention. We sometimes quarrel with Mr. Ickes's views; we have never doubted his honesty.

Our correspondent, Mr. Neville G. Penrose, objected to the word "steal" for another reason. He put the case for the small independent producer of crude, who, he wrote, is receiving no more for his oil than in 1938. Thus, while the price of almost everything he has to buy has risen steeply, he is getting only the same return as in a pre-war slump year. Mr. Penrose believes that the independent operators base their demand solely on this argument. They disclaim any responsibility for the suggestion that higher prices are required as an incentive to greater production and exploration. This, however, is the main thesis of the Petroleum Administration for War and the spokesmen of the big oil companies, which would be the chief beneficiaries of a price increase.

Whatever hardships are being suffered by the small independents, there can be no claim that the big fellows are being unfairly squeezed at present. With their control of wells, refineries, pipe-lines, and distribution outlets they take a profit at each stage. Moreover, they are now operating more or less at capacity, whereas in 1938 production was being restricted. They are thus in a position to cut overhead costs per unit to an extent which probably compensates for the rise in other costs. In any case, the profits, after taxes, of 15 leading companies are well ahead of last year.

This matter cannot be settled by appeal to hard cases, for the government cannot undertake to remedy all wrongs; it must strike the balance of public advantage. That leaves the question of expediency. It is true that we are at present taking more oil out of the ground than is currently added to proved reserves. Is a special incentive then needed to maintain and extend oil reserves, and if so, is a rise in price the least objectionable and costly stimulus? No doubt, if we were at peace the forces of supply and demand would operate to increase oil prices under similar circumstances. But, in the interests of preventing inflation, we are now thwarting the laws of supply and demand in all directions. Do the oil operators claim that they have an exceptional case? So do the farmers and the coal-miners. If the line is to be held, price increases must be disallowed unless it can be proved that there is no alternative method of maintaining production. In this case the OPA has outlined a plan for sub-

sidizing the sinking of new wells on lines similar to the scheme operating to bring out marginal ores in the copper industry. The oil men, like the farmers, object to subsidies on principle—at least, while they have a sellers' market. They assert that the OPA's plan is costly, inefficient, and unduly complicated. For our part, however, we remain unconvinced that they have made good their claim to half-a-billion dollars—at the lowest estimate—of the consumers' money.

The Tax Crisis

THE revolt of the House Ways and Means Committee against the Treasury's tax program has created what is potentially the most serious home-front crisis since the beginning of the war. For unless Congress adopts a tax program that at least approximates the Treasury's in size and impact, the entire economic-stabilization program must inevitably collapse. It is clear that neither Congress nor the public is awake to the gravity of the situation. The success of the OPA in bringing about a slight decline in the cost of living during the past few months has diverted attention from the threat of inflation. But neither the OPA's efforts nor the WLB's rigid enforcement of the hold-the-line order with respect to wages has completely checked the rise in the total volume of spending power. Employment is still increasing; people are working longer hours; business profits are tremendous. As a result, the surplus of spending power has grown to a point where only drastic taxes can head off catastrophe.

If the Treasury's program is to be criticized, it is on the grounds of inadequacy. In January, it will be recalled, the President asked for \$16 billion in additional revenue as a brake on inflation. For political reasons this demand was subsequently scaled down to \$12 billion, and the Treasury's program provides for only \$10.6 billion. The insufficiency of this sum may be seen in Secretary Morgenthau's own figures. During the current fiscal year the total income of the American people is expected to reach \$152 billion. Because of war-time restrictions not more than \$89 billion of this vast amount can be used for the purchase of goods and services at present prices. After deduction of taxes and war-bond purchases, a surplus of approximately \$25 billion will be left. If this reservoir of excess spending power is not siphoned off into the Treasury by taxes or by some other method, it will either break the existing price ceilings or be diverted into illegal black-market channels.

This situation has not developed suddenly. It has constituted a potential danger for more than a year. The American people already have much more money in their pockets and bank accounts than can be used to buy goods. Yet we have not been inundated by inflation.

Since we have escaped thus far, the question may be asked why it is necessary to have an all-out tax bill at this time. The failure of Morgenthau, Vinson, and other Administration spokesmen to answer this question probably accounts in part for the unfavorable reception given to the Treasury's tax proposals. The principal reason why we have been able to hold the line against inflation during recent months is the fact that people have not been spending all of their money. They have not been spending it partly because there are not enough goods to buy but also because all the talk about higher taxes has frightened them into saving their money. It so happens that taxes are peculiarly suited to fighting inflation because they make people feel poor. A man who has invested \$1,000 in war bonds justifiably considers himself well off. If he pays the same amount in additional taxes, he will feel poverty-stricken and cut his expenditures to the bone. The present talk of a ten-billion-dollar tax bill for next year is helping to hold back inflation; but if Congress pares down the proposals substantially, the change in psychology will soon be manifest in a splurge of spending in the pre-Christmas season.

Fully as dangerous as the campaign of powerful groups to reduce the size of the tax bill are the efforts to shift its impact from the middle- and upper-income groups to the low-income groups. Mr. Morgenthau's proposals are noteworthy in that they would place little if any additional burden on persons with incomes of \$2,000 or less. Since this is the group which has the least margin of safety against higher food costs and other deprivations of war, it is imperative that they be protected, if only for the sake of preserving war-time health and morale. But a concerted and open drive has been launched to scuttle the proposals for higher income-tax rates, based on capacity to pay, in favor of a sales tax or some other levy that would fall chiefly on the lower brackets. To that end numerous newspaper editorials have shown great glee in quoting Secretary Morgenthau to the effect that four-fifths of the national income is received by families with less than \$5,000 a year. It is, of course, true that the tax program proposed by the Treasury falls proportionately more heavily upon the upper fifth than upon the lower four-fifths. But what is practically never pointed out is that the small fraction of the population in the over-\$5,000 income group probably has more than half of the excess spending power which threatens to bring about inflation, while practically *all* of it is to be found in the pockets of the over-\$2,000 group primarily affected by the Treasury's proposals. A tax that fell primarily on the low-income groups would not tap this surplus and thus would be practically valueless as an anti-inflationary measure. Unless Congress takes serious account of these elementary economic facts, it will do irreparable damage to the structure of our war-time economy.

Senators and the Peace

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, October 5

IS THE United States about to acquire a foreign policy? The prospects are now good that the Senate will soon begin to consider, in the slow Senate way, the adoption of a resolution embodying the Senate's views on American participation in world affairs after the war's end. First a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will decide how to frame the question. Then the committee will decide whether to act on it. At last the Senate itself will be permitted to debate about foreign policy and to register its opinion on whether the war that engages us has any purpose beyond the simple one of killing Germans and Japs and erasing Hitler and Tojo.

This halting advance toward one of the great decisions of the twentieth century is not likely to be completed by the time the Foreign Secretaries of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union hold their conference, perhaps not even by the time Franklin Roosevelt, Joseph Stalin, and Winston Churchill meet. But the announcement by Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that a subcommittee will meet and draft a resolution on foreign policy should suggest to our allies that the United States is finally preparing to face the facts of global life. How squarely the Senate will face them will depend on how strongly various Senators with passionate opinions influence the final form of the resolution. If Senator La Follette of Wisconsin and Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, both members of the subcommittee, have their way, it may be as empty as the Fulbright resolution passed by the House. Vandenberg is ready to defend American "sovereignty," and "sovereignty" and "constitutional rights" were the rocks on which the Versailles treaty was wrecked in Washington. If Senator Thomas of Utah, also a member of the subcommittee, outweighs Vandenberg and La Follette, the resolution may be as strong and meaningful as the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill formula proposed last spring.

Eight men sit on the subcommittee. George of Georgia is an unknown factor; he will probably vote for some sort of action without the lethal "sovereignty" proviso. White of Maine is counted on to advocate a firm and extensive internationalism. Gillette of Iowa is a straddler who likes internationalism in theory but apparently suspects it in fact. Barkley of Kentucky will vote for vigorous action. As majority leader of the Senate, he will

carry the ball for the Roosevelt Administration in the forthcoming debate as Senator Hitchcock carried it twenty-four years ago for Wilson in the fight on the Versailles treaty—and probably with more success. After a talk with President Roosevelt on September 29 Barkley made it plain that the President wants action. His job is to carry out White House wishes.

Tom Connally, the subcommittee's and the committee's chairman, will be the key figure in the proceedings. A committee chairman has great strength in the Senate, and Connally is an old hand. He has given his friends to understand that he knows he faces an opportunity which can preserve him for history. Until the end of September he seemed afraid to seize the opportunity. Now he is ready to act. Whether he has any convictions on international questions is beside the point. He wants to be the center of the debate. He has pride in his position and pride in the Senate. Out of the first he throttled the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution, because the authors introduced it without consulting him. Out of the second he shelved the Fulbright resolution. Connally and the Senate intend to write their own declaration of foreign policy.

The full committee presents a more difficult hurdle. On it sit the two framers of the 1937 neutrality legislation, Bennett Clark and Gerald Nye, who believe today as they believed six years ago that the United States is part of the moon, not the earth. La Follette and Vandenberg want a weak resolution. Hiram Johnson of California has never renounced the views that put him among the "irreconcilables" in 1919 and 1920. Shipstead of Minnesota is an isolationist. The one Republican thought to favor action among the committee's seven is White of Maine, who could swing the decision of the subcommittee. However, two other Republicans, Capper of Kansas and Davis of Pennsylvania, might think it wise to go along.

Numerically the group for action has the greater strength. Among its members are Wagner of New York, Elbert Thomas, Murray of Montana, Pepper of Florida, and Green of Rhode Island. Even Reynolds of North Carolina has led his colleagues to think he favors a strong resolution. The friends of action count on Connally and hope for George. They are confident of McClellan of Arkansas and Guffey of Pennsylvania and sure of Leader Barkley. They think they may persuade Tunnell of Delaware. One man stands out as the great catch for either

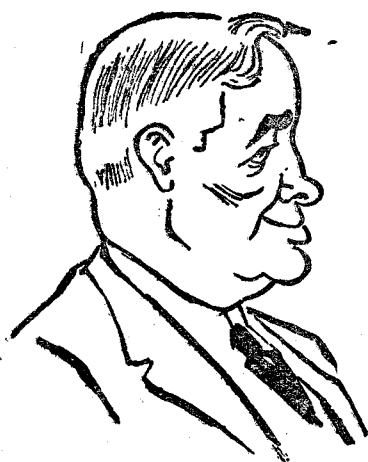
side—Carter Glass. This ancient has a prestige which is considered valuable by both the Vandenberg and the Thomas faction. Nobody knows as yet where Carter Glass stands.

After a visit to Senate offices one feels that the subcommittee and the committee will not be permitted to delay too long in bringing a resolution to the floor. Its final form will be determined by the judgment of the whole Senate and the pressure of public opinion rather than by the views of the chosen few who sit on the Foreign Relations Committee. The very fact that the subcommittee is to meet testifies to the strength of outside Senators. Ball of Minnesota dropped a strong hint that unless the committee took up the question he would begin to hammer on the matter from the floor. For all his injured pride, Connally had to admit that the Senate could not be the only American institution to keep silent on foreign policy.

The House had adopted the Fulbright resolution. The Republican Party had registered its views in the Mackinac resolutions. The isolationist New York *Daily News* and the *Saturday Evening Post* had both granted in recent editorials that the trend was toward internationalism and that it must be recognized. It was plain that America's war aims as defined by President Roosevelt could be fulfilled only by a clear-cut policy for American political action in the international field.

Other men not on the Foreign Relations Committee are as impatient as Ball. There are the three coauthors

of his resolution—Carl Hatch, Lister Hill, Harold H. Burton. There are Truman of Missouri, Maybank of South Carolina, and Ferguson of Michigan, a Republican but with a different planetary outlook from Vandenberg. These Senators can be counted on not only to prod the Foreign Relations Committee to bring in



Senator Barkley

its resolution but to put up a hard fight on the floor to strengthen that resolution if it turns out to be weak.

Senator Connally's announcement that the subcommittee is to get down to business has undoubtedly disquieted Secretary Hull. Hull and Connally were both members of the House and supporters of Wilson in 1919 when the Versailles treaty was before the Senate. They remember that the long debate that preceded the vote on the

treaty served to kill it. Since debate was fatal to international action twenty-four years ago, it might be fatal today. Therefore both Connally and Hull have tried to postpone debate on the subject until the last possible moment.

Hull's stand on this point contributed to the ousting of Sumner Welles as Under Secretary of State. Welles, a practical diplomat, concluded a year or so ago that the United States would be handicapped in political discussions with our allies so long as the allies did not know to what degree they could rely on the United States to abide by the Administration's commitments in



Senator Vandenberg

international matters. The rejection of the Versailles treaty had bred distrust. Welles himself had learned from that event that a President is wise to let the Senate act first and to be guided in his foreign-policy moves by what the Senate has done. In the matter of the treaty Wilson acted on his own initiative and then asked the Senate to uphold him. The question of who moves first is vital. The Senate can be counted on to assert itself, now as in 1919.

Welles, then, thought it essential for Congress to act so that the Administration could present a clear-cut policy to the country and to the world. Understanding Senate pride, he believed the Senate should act first in Congress. Last winter, while Hull was absent from Washington, Welles conferred with Ball, Burton, Hatch, and Hill, approved their resolution, and advocated its presentation to the Senate. When the incident was reported to Hull he became angry. He had allowed Welles to dominate international political thought in the State Department for seven years, but he would not stand for Welles's taking a hand in Congressional politics.

With some success Hull preached to the White House the wisdom of cautious avoidance of debate. Last winter the President saw the four sponsors of the B2-H2 resolution and told them he would like some sort of guidance from the Senate, but he has steadfastly declined to make any direct suggestions to Congress that it should take the lead in foreign policy. During his first years in the White House Roosevelt was content to let Congress make all the first moves. Congress defined American foreign policy in the pre-war years by its neutrality acts. But in 1939 Roosevelt began to take the initiative—not as Wilson had taken it, by presenting Congress with a fact

for approval, but by publicly stating to Congress the foreign-policy needs of the hour.

Thus in May, 1939, President Roosevelt, through letters signed by Hull, requested the late Chairman Pittman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and Chairman Bloom of the House Foreign Affairs Committee to introduce legislation modifying the neutrality law. And in 1940 he announced at a press conference that he favored a policy of lend-lease in dealing with Great Britain. Lend-lease marked the final break with the philosophy of the neutrality acts. The bill which became the Lend-Lease Act was written at the Treasury. Lend-lease represents a period of boldness on the part of the President—a wise boldness, because he proposed and let the Senate dispose. The Senate, confident that the founders of the Republic intended it to be the arbiter of foreign policy, will let no President go freely on his way in foreign affairs.

However, the present attitude of the Senate toward the White House on the issue of foreign policy is scarcely comparable to its attitude at the close of the First World War. The key figure in the fight over the Versailles treaty was Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who happened to be chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Lodge warned on December 21, 1918, before the Treaty of Versailles was written, that "the Senate has a way of rejecting treaties." As early as January 22, 1917, he had spoken against the idea of a League of Nations. He was predisposed to vote against a treaty containing the League Covenant and against a treaty approved by a President who, in his opinion, had committed the United States to major international obligations without regard to the Senate's wishes.

Today no Senator of Lodge's stature stands in the way of a strong resolution clearing the path toward the goal which Lodge loathed—political participation in international affairs by the United States. The Foreign Relations Committee today is Democratic. Its chairman will support the Administration. Vandenberg, Wheeler, Taft, Nye, and the other oppositionists lack the power and prestige that Lodge commanded. But there is one lesson to be drawn from the debate over the Versailles treaty. Not all who voted against it did so to preserve our isolation. Some honestly thought that the treaty gave undeserved advantages to Britain and France. They feared that the United States would be abandoning isolation simply for the benefit of those European allies. Many Senators who believe in internationalism today dislike the idea of an Anglo-American alliance because they see in such a limited internationalism greater advantage for Britain than for the United States. They want global collective security or nothing.

The statements of three Senators just returned from a trip around the world indicate that in the coming debate the major emphasis may be laid not on the simple propo-

sition whether or not we shall plunge into world politics, but on how far we will go to defend our established position in the world. Senators Mead of New York, Russell of Georgia, and Brewster of Maine, speaking at a Washington press conference, stressed their concern lest the United States fail to obtain post-war rights to air bases outside the Western Hemisphere built by us during the war and its proper share of oil rights in the Middle East. The question, How imperialist shall we be? may overshadow the question, How isolationist shall we be?

President Roosevelt discarded Mr. Hull's timid view about the danger of debate the same day that Senator Connally announced the subcommittee would begin its work. The President told Senator Barkley he wanted something done, although he still is silent in public. Mr. Hull, however, if he is in this country, will surely appear before the committee while it is considering its resolution, and his opinion will have weight, for Congress holds itself apart from the critics of the State Department. The Senate approved without a hearing the appointment of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., as Under Secretary of State, and the House and Senate Appropriations committees ask only routine questions when State Department supply bills are before them. The Capitol regards the State Department as a safe institution. It has not raised the question whether the department as it is at present constituted can successfully administer a firm foreign policy.

Failure by the Senate to act now would have not only long-range effects on the post-war world but immediate repercussions of an unfortunate sort. It would nurture the idea in British and Russian official minds that it is folly to plan a foreign policy based on active cooperation with America. In his last attempt to explain his committee's inaction—only a few days before he announced it would act—Senator Connally made a show of suspicion of Russia's course in foreign affairs. Let's wait until we know what Russia plans before we make any decisions, he said. He failed to see that Moscow would plan one thing if it thought the United States would participate in a system of collective security after the war and another thing if it thought the United States would stay aloof.

The United States has succeeded to Russia's role as a "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." The *New York Times* recently carried a story from James E. Reston in London describing the bewilderment of British officials about American policy and the sterilizing effect this bewilderment has on British policy. There is danger that Britain and Russia will turn politically from the United States during the war unless the Senate acts, and acts with some speed. If a breach is allowed to occur between this country and its two chief allies, a subsequent Senate resolution will hardly be enough to heal it.

Strategy for Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

A FEW years ago blueprints for winning the European war had an air of unreality, coming as they did at a time when the immediate problem was staving off defeat. Most of them greatly underestimated the difficulty of the task ahead, the length of time required, and the forces needed. With the conceit too common among Americans they also overlooked our allies. Yet had either Russia or England been knocked out, it would have been impossible for us to win the European phase of World War II.

Today the situation is very different. In Europe, after a year of repeated German defeats, we hold the initiative in every sector. The strategy of victory has become an urgent question, and it is likely that since the Quebec conference our planning has been substantially completed. Rehearsals are over, the players have their cues, and the curtain is about to go up on the last act.

That the only problem remaining is "when" is mainly due to our victory in the struggle at sea. When the blitzkrieg failed to achieve a decision in 1939-41, the European war was changed to one of attrition. In such a conflict Germany, even with the resources of most of Europe at its disposal, was far outmatched in potential strength. Barring complete military success in Russia, its only chance was to prevent the full application of American military power. Given a fairly stable Russian front, the crucial struggle of the war has been that between the German subsurface raiders with their airplane auxiliaries and the Allied surface navies and merchant fleets. Had Germany won this battle, it would very probably have also won the war. Even a partial victory would have assured it nothing worse than a negotiated peace.

A few figures speak very clearly of Germany's failure to win this crucial struggle. In the period between January 1 and the end of August, the Germans, according to their own figures, sank a total of 3,770,000 tons of shipping, or an average of 470,000 tons a month. These figures are excessive by probably 40 per cent—in July our figures for the ships lost in the invasion of Sicily were around 80,000 tons as compared to German claims of 500,000. In the North Atlantic, as Churchill recently pointed out, the defeat of the U-boat has been almost complete.

Yet even if the German figures were to be accepted, it would still be clear that we had won the shipping battle. For during the same eight months American shipyards turned out approximately 12,500,000 tons of merchantmen. And the reopening of the Mediterranean

in the latter part of that period was expected to work an economy in the use of shipping equivalent to 4,000,000 tons. Meanwhile British and Canadian yards have also been turning out ships, probably in the amount of at least 2,000,000 tons, though official figures have not been released. The gross gain of Allied shipping up to the end of August has therefore been in the neighborhood of 18,000,000 tons; the net gain at least 14,000,000. Not all this tonnage, of course, is immediately available for an attack on Europe, since the strengthening of India, increased supplies to Russia, and the support of somewhat larger Mediterranean armies have added to the demands on it. These, however, are not major diversions. If the opening of a full-scale land front in Western Europe requires a shipping pool of from 10,000,000 to 17,000,000 tons, as has been estimated, it is obvious that the most difficult problem of invasion, that of supply, is almost if not entirely solved. With a huge shipping pool already on hand and growing at the rate of over a million tons a month, "second-front" talk has at last reached a thoroughly practical stage.

A change in the picture is, to be sure, possible. The immunity of merchant ships in the North Atlantic has been due solely to the superiority of today's anti-submarine weapons. For three months the Germans have been groping for a tactical answer and are now once more challenging Allied sea control. But it is an eleventh-hour challenge. Our backlog of shipping has become so great that the Germans would need the help of a miracle to overcome it.

To meet the new situation German strategy has been completely altered. The Nazi retreat in Russia has not been entirely forced by the strength of the Russian attack and the fear of heavy losses. The Germans have sustained a clear defeat but by no means as great a one as their geographical withdrawal would indicate. They have, in fact, conducted an essential and extremely difficult operation with considerable success. Strong points have been held up to the last moment necessary to cover retreats, and there have been no losses of man-power comparable to those of last winter.

The original purpose was to buy time with distance, to organize defenses along shorter and more easily held lines, and by thus saving man-power and compelling the Russians to construct new transport lines and detach more men for line-of-supply duties, to bring the numerical strength of the opposing armies more nearly to equality. Whether the advantages thus gained can be

held or not is very questionable. Russian pursuit has been extremely persistent, and the Red Army has gained an offensive momentum which even natural barriers, longer transport lines, and muddy terrain may not easily stop. Moreover, the maneuver area through which the Germans can retreat before reaching the homeland, though still vast, has been materially reduced.

The Italian invasion, meanwhile, is proceeding as rapidly as can be expected. Neither side succeeded in fully exploiting the opportunities presented by the American landing at Salerno. However, the occupation of Sardinia and Corsica is of tremendous importance. From these islands fighter coverage can be provided for a landing at almost any point on the western Italian and southern French coasts. The German retreat can thus be continually threatened. With strong flanking bases, secure lines of supply, high-quality troops and able leaders, and the invaluable support of naval and air power, the United Nations in Italy clearly hold a winning hand. At the same time by sending in Rommel and several divisions of new troops the Germans have shown that they intend to delay our progress as long as they can.

The simultaneous strengthening of their garrisons in the Balkans has caused a further strain on German manpower. Some of these new troops were detached from the Russian front, where the German strength is reported to have been reduced to between 180 and 195 divisions. Others come from Northern and Western Europe. The transfer of these troops, said to number 25 divisions, greatly increases the risks in Russia and other areas.

The relative inactivity of Allied air power during late September and early October may be partly due to weather conditions, but it is probable that planes and crews are being conserved for a major blow. This could be either an intensified bombardment program or, what is more likely, the long-desired attack across the English Channel. In any event German targets will be hit far more heavily than ever before. It is now clear, however, that the "air-power-alone" school has lost out.

This brief review makes it plain that the sound though cautious strategy of the United Nations has carried us to the point where the final all-out assault upon Germany can be expected in the near future—by spring at the very latest, possibly this year. Shipping is nearly if not entirely adequate. The bases to the south, needed for a closer assault, are being acquired by conquest, and renewed Russian attack from the east is sure to follow the reconstruction of transportation lines. Germany's hold on the Balkans is at best shaky. Production is being badly affected by the bombardments. Superior sea and air strength is ours at every point on the map. Yet strong German armies remain, and their will to fight has not been noticeably diminished.

The war has at last progressed to the point where speculations regarding its length are not entirely guess-

work. Barring an unlikely collapse of enemy morale, the "peace-by-Christmas" prophets will prove as wrong as have the Maginot Line, blockade, psychological-warfare, and air-power-only optimists in the past. On the other hand, the predictions of some of our army officers that the European land struggle will be not only hard but long seem to this writer to be unduly pessimistic. Any nation as badly strained as is Germany is in no position to bear the weight of a second major land front. If our invasion comes soon, the period between summer and late fall of 1944 should see the end of the European phase of the present war.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IN THE FOOTHILL DISTRICTS of Bavaria and Württemberg we saw boys—none of them more than fifteen years old—parading in review with wooden spears on their shoulders, and children of six practicing the throwing of hand grenades, crawling on their stomachs as to a trench attack. Despite the contention of Walter Lippmann or any other erudite authority that Hitler's May peace address was sincere and "the authentic voice of a great people," no one who looks beyond the barrier of censorship and deceit in Germany can doubt that one of the major premises of the Nazi movement is intense preparation for a war of aggression.—RICHARD NEUBERGER, *October 4, 1933.*

THE ADMINISTRATION'S public-works program is under fire, and the barrage is descending chiefly on the head of Administrator Harold L. Ickes.—*October 4, 1933.*

THE PRESIDENT of the Pennsylvania Railroad has "reduced" his salary to \$60,000 a year. If now the NRA would issue a decree "reducing" the pay of everyone else in the country to the same amount, prosperity would emerge from around the corner at a gallop.—*October 11, 1933.*

IT WOULD BE an act of poetic justice if the severest members of the critical tribe could be herded into a common hall and there, without having their knives taken away from them, ordered to agree on a program of national recovery. What a group that would be! Among others it would include the Mellons, the Communists, Henry Ford, some of the editors of *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Daily Worker*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, Norman Thomas, the Alabama soft-coal operators, and the directors of the American Iron and Steel Institute. I hazard the guess that no program would ever emerge and that the survivors would be few in number.—PAUL Y. ANDERSON, *October 11, 1933.*

THAT MUCH of Chancellor Hitler's speech explaining why Germany was withdrawing from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference can be granted him: a bad war was ended by a bad peace, and Europe learned nothing from either. . . . But to dissociate Germany summarily from the only existing attempt to improve matters is the work of an insane and dangerous egotist.—*October 25, 1933.*

Britain Between the Acts

II. WALES AT WAR

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

I SPENT a day and two nights in and around Cardiff and a day in the Rhondda Valley and Swansea. To stay so short a time was an injustice to South Wales, and I left planning to go back. I never did; nobody on a trip like mine goes back to any place, for the time he has in the next place is also too short. And so it goes until he leaves the country altogether, grumbling about the things he didn't have a chance to see and do.

Perhaps I would have planned to stay longer in South Wales if I'd known what it was like. I had never visited Wales before. It may sound incredible to traveled and intelligent *Nation* readers, but I didn't realize that Welsh people commonly and without affectation speak Welsh to one another. It is as strange a language on the ear as it is to look at in print. Behind it are customs and habits and a manner of looking at things that are no more English than are the local characteristics of Normandy or Denmark. And always with these Welsh ways are English ways and the English speech, and you could spend a lifetime, not two days, sorting them out and trying to understand the unity and the separateness of these British peoples.

Just before I left London for Cardiff I saw Jim Griffiths, Labor M. P. for Llanelly and former head of the South Wales Miners' Federation. He said, "I'm going to the States soon and when I get there I'm going to walk right up to John L. Lewis and tell him exactly what I think of him—in Welsh."

"He won't understand a word of it," I said. "You'd better say it in plain English."

"He'll understand," said Griffiths, "or if not, his old mother will. She'll not have forgotten her native tongue."

Griffiths is in the United States now. Perhaps he's had that talk with Lewis—or his mother. If so, I'd love to have heard it.

THE WELSH NATION

Jim Griffiths obviously believed his strong feelings could be better and more strongly put in Welsh. But for all that, he's not Welsh enough to suit some of his countrymen. One man I talked to in Cardiff shook his head over Griffiths. "He's an able fellow but he's losing support down here," he said.

"Why? Isn't he as good an M. P. as he was a union leader?"

"I suppose he's good at both jobs," said the Welshman a little grudgingly. "His trouble is that he's more

Labor than he is Welsh. He doesn't represent the national feeling, and that feeling's growing every day. No member from South Wales who ignores it can long hold his influence with his constituents."

Several Welshmen talked to me about nationalism in Wales and assured me it was "important." The war had increased it. Welsh nationalists don't want a separate state like Eire, but they do want more local autonomy. They want a Secretary of State for Wales. They want recognition of Wales as a national entity. It sounds a little fantastic in these days when small states are coming to look more and more like common nuisances and nationalism is the chief world menace. But Welsh national feeling is probably a harmless derivative of the old poison. Certainly the loyalty of these people and their contribution to the total effort of the country are conspicuous elements in their local pride: indeed, their whole attitude is just another illustration of the diversity in unity that strikes you at every crossroads in the island.

The boy who ran the lift in my hotel in Cardiff asked me where I was going. "Over into the Rhondda Valley," I told him.

"That's wonderful," he said. "I'd give a lot to see those valleys."

"Why don't you go? It's not more than an hour away."

"I'd never dare. I'm English. Those people wouldn't want me there. I don't know their language. I'd be a foreigner to them."

Though he seemed a dull boy, and a solemn one, I could scarcely believe he wasn't joking. "That's surely silly," I said. "They're British, like you. I'm going and I'm a foreigner—a real foreigner; I'm American."

"Oh, that's different. They'll welcome an American visitor. But not me. They would wonder what I was doing there. I think they'd make trouble for me."

It was all very vague, the ancient uneasiness of the stranger in a strange land. "Those valleys"—not five hours by decent train from London!

In spite of this sense of national difference, I don't expect Jim Griffiths to lose his job. His devotion to labor may hurt the feelings of my nationalist friend, but it won't alienate the workers who are his chief constituents. Blood isn't thicker than class feeling in the factories and pits of South Wales, of that I'm sure. Besides, Griffiths evidently speaks Welsh by choice—even to John L. Lewis.

WOMEN AT WORK

I talked to some of those workers and to a few of their leaders and friends. Labor in South Wales is supposed to be very left, but today, with every available man and woman at work, you find a political mixture as varied as anywhere else. The war plants have even sucked in the women from the distant mining valleys—women who never worked outside their homes before. They are carrying the bulk of the work in the factories and are getting good wages. Some say their new earning power will go to the heads of the women workers, that they'll refuse to quit when the men come back from the front. Others believe the women will go back home filled with new and dangerous desires: they have learned the satisfaction of feeling money of their own in their overall pockets; they know that earning a wage is not an art reserved for men. "After this they won't take kindly to the role of household drudge with no right to more than board and keep," said one man, and I wasn't sure whether he said it with alarm or approval. "Many of these women workers, even unskilled girls, can make more money than a miner makes after a lifetime in the pits. People don't realize what this means. It's a social revolution, nothing less, especially in a region like this where women never worked before. Yes, and a domestic revolution, too, in many cases."

But I think the speaker exaggerated. I can't see either sex war or social revolution coming out of the drafting of women into industry. The factory workers of South Wales work terribly hard for long hours; the average in the factories I visited varied from fifty-three and one-half to fifty-eight and one-half a week. Thousands of women spend two or three hours getting from their homes in the valleys to the plants. They come on foot, by bus, and by train. When they reach home at night, you can imagine how much time and energy are left for housework or family life. These women take comparatively little interest in their unions or in the plant production committees; how could they? They often become highly skilled in one process but don't bother to learn anything more. Their psychology is that of temporary workers. So the managers and shop stewards told me.

To a somewhat less degree this is the situation and the attitude of the women war workers all over Great Britain. I talked to a woman trade-union official in Manchester. She was deeply involved in a dispute over equal pay, and she brought along an intelligent young woman shop steward who was helping conduct the negotiations in her plant. Both said that the majority of the women, particularly the older ones and the married women, will be glad to get out of industry after the war. They like the pay, and many of them enjoy—and have learned for the first time to enjoy—the sociability of factory work: gossip with their fellow-workers in the canteen, trips to and from work in buses or trains, even

the sense of doing a job in common with other people. But most of them look upon themselves not primarily as factory workers but as women who have been called out of their homes to do a job in an emergency. And they want to go back when the war is over. The younger, unmarried ones will probably stick—or try to. Whether they succeed or not will depend on the capacity of industry to hold production to a level that will provide work not only for the women but for the men they have replaced. Not a very likely prospect. The most the women union officials I talked with hope for is a keener interest in working conditions and labor politics among women as a whole, based on their war-time experience.

GRIEVANCES, WAR, AND JOHN L. LEWIS

Several of the plants I visited in the neighborhood of Cardiff had been completely converted for war production. They were small plants set up in the thirties to absorb labor in that deeply depressed area. Because of their newness and recent retooling, they were all neat, bright, mechanized to the last jig. Women workers outnumbered the men in every factory but one, and that was being enlarged to take in more workers, who would, of course, be women. The managements seemed progressive, proud of their plants, and on good terms with the workers. They encouraged the joint production committees and treated their suggestions with respect.

I talked to a member of one of the production committees. He was a middle-aged worker, responsible, a solid union man. He assured me that the spirit in the plant was good and everybody was "satisfied." He had survived the blitz in a district very hard hit, and he kept referring to that experience to explain the attitude of the workers. He insisted that they all felt their share in the war. One of the machines they were making was used in bombers and absolutely essential. "Those planes couldn't fly without it," he said. Like almost every worker I talked to in South Wales, he asked me to explain John L. Lewis, of whom he deeply disapproved. But he told me with equal earnestness that he and all his fellows sympathize with the American miners. They believe—this was repeated by the labor people in other parts of the country—that Lewis is using the genuine grievances of the miners to forward his own ambitions, while the Administration is taking out on the miners its resentment at Lewis's tactics. They know well enough that more coal must be mined; the effort to draft 40,000 men and boys for work in the pits in Britain provides dramatic proof that a shortage exists. But they can't see why the American miners shouldn't get more pay, or at least a guaranteed work week, and if the government refuses, they consider a strike the only way out. Through a curious bit of reasoning, they justify such action by pointing to America's physical remoteness from the struggle. "We are an island," remarked my friend of the production committee, "and we are one kind of people, not like you Ameri-

cans." (This was a Welshman speaking, by the way.) "We faced destruction after France fell; we all know that if we'd been conquered, the workers' movement would have been the first thing wiped out. But you can't expect Americans to feel the same way." This not very original argument was repeated to me so often, in words so nearly identical, that I decided it must have a solid basis in working-class psychology. The American miners, I think, have become a symbol in Britain, not of irresponsibility or indifference to duty, but of aggressive, independent labor action; they are keeping alive the militant spirit which British labor, willingly or reluctantly, has largely repressed for the duration; they represent the worker's desires rather than his war-time conscience.

Since I left, strikes have been boiling up in some of the British coal fields, too. There are plenty of excellent grievances there as here. The men are "frozen" in their jobs; wages, as I have said above, are fixed at less than the going rate in other war industries; while some of the mines have been mechanized, the majority are old and poorly equipped. The proposal to draft sixteen-year-old boys into the pits had to be abandoned. It aroused bitter protest among miners and horrified the general public, especially the upper classes. The present scheme provides that eighteen-year-olds called up for service may choose either the army or the pits. Few people believe that the requisite man-power can be recruited in this way. But the shortage of workers increases the demand for better conditions in the mines, and it will be astonishing if trouble does not develop.

Arthur Horner, the able president of the South Wales Miners' Federation, is a Communist. With great frankness he described the trials of a left labor leader forced by his conscience and the party line to hold the miners to their jobs despite bad conditions in the pits and better chances in the war plants nearby. The more militant the leader the harder for him to maintain his prestige and influence by preaching a policy of self-denial. Instead of conducting a fight for decent conditions, he must convince the workers that they should not fight at all—until Hitler is disposed of. Horner says it can be done. He says that careful explanations, repeated every day, together with efforts to win legitimate gains for the union through negotiation and public pressure, have succeeded in both holding the confidence of the workers and preventing strikes.

But it is a job that will grow harder with every month that passes. And after a day in the Rhondda Valley I wondered how long the arguments of Arthur Horner and even the bitter logic of the war itself would satisfy the desires of the miners for a life less dangerous and grim, with better pay and more time to climb out of the scarred and dreary valleys to the green hills above them.

[The third article of this series—on Glasgow—will appear next week.]

In the Wind

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' worth of enemy-owned property will soon be offered for sale to American industry by the Alien Property Custodian. Business circles expect bargain-basement prices.

A CHAIN of eight small hotels in Detroit has agreed to refund several thousand dollars in overcharges under OPA rent regulations. It has also agreed to discontinue a special extra charge of 75 cents on guests who have visitors after midnight.

MAN-POWER NOTE: The Washington Review of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States says, "There is a belief in some government quarters that unnecessary hoarding of labor by war manufacturers should be stopped."

WITH A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION coming up, the army is wondering how to present political news to the soldiers. The generals fear that politicians on each side will say that the other side is being favored. To divert such criticism, they have asked the three major news services to provide a daily round-up of unbiased political news for army papers. The Associated Press has declined the invitation, on the ground that it doesn't want to take the responsibility; the decisions of the United Press and the International News Service cannot be ascertained.

HOW TO STOP WARS: From the Madison, Wisconsin, *Capital Times*: "Speaking on 'Interior Decoration as Home Morale,' Miss Colnik said that it was women's job to make themselves and their homes so interesting and so attractive that the men of the world, including those of other countries, would be completely satisfied and happy at home. 'Women can stop wars as simply as that,' she maintained."

CHOW: A New York department store advertises this ready-made Christmas package for the boys overseas: "Crêpes suzettes, glacé fruit, turkey pâté, anchovies, caviar, hentails (cocktail crackers). \$10.75."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A French underground paper says a number of trade unionists who won personal concessions from the Nazis by denouncing labor leaders to the Gestapo are now trying to bring about the release of those who are still alive. . . . The People's Museum at Bygdøy, near Oslo, has been turned into a warehouse for ammunition. . . . A Danish newspaper commented thus on fires at a restaurant frequented by Nazis and a shoe factory that had accepted German orders: "Fires at both Wivex and Hector were caused by discarded cigarette ends. Where on earth do people get all that tobacco?"

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$3 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Colonels Rule in Argentina

BY MANUEL SEOANE

Santiago, Chile, October 4

THE Argentine situation, although certain diplomatic agencies and press correspondents would like us to believe otherwise, grows more serious day by day. The coup d'état which elevated Ramirez to the Presidency was only the culmination of persistent reactionary efforts. The leaders had nothing new to offer. Most of them had supported the military revolt of General Justo, which ten years before had interrupted the constitutional evolution of the country. The colonels behind Ramirez were known as reactionaries and Germanophiles. But when they discovered, to their consternation, that Hitler was losing the war, they began to think of the predicament in which the country would find itself with respect to Brazil when the war was over. No help could be expected from a defeated Germany. Arms and supplies could be obtained only from the United States.

The program of the colonels was a curious mixture of fascist ideals and promised reforms, bedecked with protestations of the most ardent Catholicism. Its aims were, first, "to establish order in the country," and, second, to break with the Axis—if Hitler continued to lose, and if there was no other way to secure the military means to match Brazil.

The first purpose has been carried out with undeniable zeal, but the break with the Axis is still remote. The colonels needed time for such a heroic decision; one does not lightly go against one's own feelings. Then, before they were ready, the diplomatic correspondence between Secretary Hull and Admiral Storni made any action the colonels intended to take look ridiculous. After that their one concern was to appear "firm." Counsels of moderation from conservative leaders were rejected. An editorial in *La Prensa* urging Argentina to join the democracies against Germany and Japan provoked the Nazi paper *Pampero* to demand that the editors of *La Prensa* be shot as traitors. Those who oppose breaking with the Axis now have the upper hand again. They count on Ramirez's reluctance to align himself with the Soviet Union as one of the United Nations and on his personal vanity, which would suffer sorely were anyone to think he had capitulated to North American pressure.

In the domestic sphere, however, Ramirez feels free to carry out his plans. Colonel Anaya, Minister of Education, Colonel Gilbert, Minister of the Interior, who is acting as Foreign Secretary in Storni's place, and Colonel Ramirez, head of the police, transformed into white

knights, have inaugurated a crusade to purify the country. They are of that genus which believes that all national evils stem from the political activity of parties and the press, and that once such pernicious activity is suppressed happiness will reign.

The colonels dissolved Congress and suspended the political parties. Some day, they promise, the people will be allowed to express their will through elections. But they reserve the right to decide how the people shall vote. If the result is unsatisfactory, it will be nullified. "Never will I pass on power to bad people," said Ramirez recently. And he, of course, is the man to decide who is good and who is bad.

Nobody can deny that Ramirez was received joyfully. The abuses of the Castillo government had prepared the people to welcome anyone who would rid them of it. In some ways Ramirez got off to a good start. He forced landlords to reduce rents. He punished food racketeers. He decreed a general lowering of prices. He cleansed the civil service. After two years of ministerial corruption, any country enjoys a public purge.

But soon his true reactionary character asserted itself. No group with even a vaguely liberal program escaped "punishment": not the Unión Cívica Radical, which had a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and which only fraudulent elections could have prevented from coming to power; nor the Partido Socialista, respected even by its enemies, which held a majority in the city of Buenos Aires; nor the Partido Democrático Progresista, which was particularly strong in the province of Santa Fé. These three parties had favored the cause of the United Nations from the beginning of the war.

The hardest treatment, of course, was reserved for the Communists, whose strength lay chiefly in the minds of the colonels. In the last elections they had received only 40,000 out of 800,000 votes and had not elected a single member to the House or Senate. Their sole prop was the newspaper *La Hora* in Buenos Aires. But Ramirez leaped upon them like a wildcat. He stopped their paper, suppressed all their units, and sent their leaders to his most unhealthy concentration camps, in Rio Gallegos and Neuquén.

The colonels also dissolved all organizations which had been collecting funds for the United Nations, beginning with the Committee for Aid to the Soviet Union. They suppressed the most powerful labor organization in the country, the Confederación General del Trabajo,

and arrested its leaders. They imitated Nazi practice by burning the books of "Communist" authors, including Upton Sinclair and John Dos Passos.

One after another the provincial governments were taken over by the central power, and governors elected by the people were replaced by followers of Ramirez. The press was subjected to systematic persecution.

Supported by the high clergy, especially by the Spanish clergy who are linked with the Phalanx, Ramirez almost immediately entered the lists for morality. He introduced drastic measures to discipline the beautiful ladies of Argentina. He himself prepared a decree establishing the length of skirts and prohibiting the use of lipstick. Any book which might offend disappears from circulation.

The regime is strong. It has the support of the army. The inevitable defeat of the Axis has scarcely weakened Ramirez's determination to extend his influence outside the country. He seeks a kind of South American Holy Alliance of military dictatorships that would include Peru, Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, Argentina, and Chile, dedicated to the fight against communism and against the influence of the United States. The colonels know that the Good Neighbor policy has sometimes lapsed and that the peoples of Latin America feel a certain pessimism about the democratic purpose of the United Nations. They know how to exploit the contradiction between the solemn pledges of the democracies and their flirtations with Ubico, Vargas, and company.

Yet there is only one ally for the democracies in Argentina—the Argentine people. And the democracies can rescue Argentina for the cause of inter-continental collaboration only by supporting the people. No policy designed to isolate Argentina, no threat of the increasing power of other South American states, will avail.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

GERMANY, like this country, was recently flooded with rumors about a separate peace between the Reich and Russia. It was not the first time such reports had circulated, but it was the first time they had spread to the troops on the eastern front. The effect they produced there is understandable. Many soldiers decided it was no longer worth while to put up a fight "when there would be peace in a few days." Things went so far, according to the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* of September 26, that the German army command was obliged to issue an order of the day denying the peace rumors. The *Aftontidningen* was even able to publish the text of the order, which was signed jointly by Field Marshals von Mannstein and von Kluge. It ran: "All rumors about a separate peace are untrue. The Führer will never make

peace with the Soviets. It is pure madness to affirm that Himmler said that Germany was ready to negotiate with Russia. We appeal to the soldiers not to give up a single foot of ground without a fight. The soil we abandon now will be reconquered next spring."

It is worth mentioning here that for the German public Marshal von Mannstein—at present undoubtedly the outstanding German general—figures as the future Badoglio.

Up to the middle of September six million persons in Germany had been bombed out of their homes and obliged to find refuge in some kind of emergency dwelling. The Nazi newspaper *Volkswohlfahrt* revealed the figure in a consideration of the number of stoves that would be required to provide the necessary minimum of heat for the homeless. At least a million stoves, the paper reckoned, were needed, and so far there had been no indication of where they were to come from.

These figures enable us to understand what all foreign observers have affirmed—that in the minds of Germans the air war overshadows all other military and political events and perspectives. The destruction of morale caused by it is tremendous and progressive. Gunnar T. Pihl, who was the best of the Swedish correspondents and for that reason was expelled from Germany at the end of last August, is now able to relate some incidents he could not write about from Berlin. He was present, for example, when Goebbels inspected a block of houses in Berlin that had been destroyed by the March 1 raid. The crowd on the street "watched him sourly"; then suddenly someone broke out with the old slogan, *Wir danken unsrem Führer* (We thank our Führer). "Soon all the spectators were shouting the words in chorus, and Goebbels was literally put to flight." From many sources comes word of a pointed witticism that the Berliners are repeating: the ruins of the bombed buildings, they say, are "the foundations of the Fourth Reich."

An epidemic of suicides, the *Aftonbladet* of September 23 reports, has broken out among the troops and officials of the German occupation in Norway. One of the most dramatic was that of a soldier who shot himself on the street in front of a restaurant in Oslo. In all cases the reason has turned out to be the news that the man's wife and child had been killed in an air raid back home.

A popular French expression has found its way to Germany, *Débraillez-vous*—literally, Extricate yourself, but in the sense of extricate yourself by any trick that will work, without considering anybody but yourself. The German troops in France have learned the word and, shortening it to *DB*, use it constantly. Through them it has reached the Reich, where it expresses perfectly the attitude of the people. "We are *DB*" means, "We are interested only in our own affairs." After four years of war the German state of mind is categorically *DB*.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MR. ELIOT'S KIPLING

BY LIONEL TRILLING

KIPLING, I suppose, belongs irrevocably to our past, and Edmund Wilson's essay of two years ago calling attention to the "Kipling that nobody read" and T. S. Eliot's present apologia for Kipling's verse* are less likely to make readers revise their opinions than to revive their memories. But these memories, when revived, will be strong, for if Kipling belongs to our past he belongs there very firmly, fixed deep in childhood feeling. And especially for liberals of a certain age he must always be an interesting figure, for he had an effect upon us in that obscure and important part of our minds where literary feeling and political attitude meet, an effect so much the greater because it was so early experienced; and then for many of us our rejection of him was our first literary-political decision.

My own relation to Kipling was intense and, I think, typical. I began, properly enough, with "The Jungle Book." It was my first independently and avidly read book, my first literary discovery, all the more wonderful because I had come upon it in an adult "set," one of the ten green volumes of the Century edition that used to be found in many homes. I had been caught by the pictures of the children and the animals. Illustrations have become unfashionable and so has the "set," and that is a blow to the literary education of the young, who are reassured by pictures and who, once they have been lured to an author, remain loyal to him until they have read him by the yard.

The satisfactions of "The Jungle Book" and its sequel were immense and innumerable. I suppose a boy's vestigial animal-totemism was pleased; there were the marvelous but credible abilities of Mowgli, the lesser but still enviable ones of Toomai; there were the deadly enmities and the grandiose revenges, strangely and tragically real; and it was a world peopled by wonderful parents, not only Mother Wolf and Father Wolf but Bagheera, Baloo, Hathi, and the dreadful but decent Kaa, a whole council of benign and dangerous strength and wisdom. And then there was the fascination of the Pack and its Law—it is not too much to say that a boy had thus his first introduction to a generalized notion of society. It was a notion charged with feeling. The Law was mysterious, firm, certain, noble, in every way admirable beyond any rule of home or school.

Mixed up with this feeling about the Pack and the Law and perfectly expressing it was Kipling's gnomic language both in prose and in verse—for you could not entirely skip the verse that interlarded the prose, and so you were led to trust yourself to "The Barrack Room Ballads" at a time when you would trust no other poetry. That gnomic quality of

Kipling's, that knowing allusiveness which later was to seem fake and vulgar, was, when first experienced, a delightful thing. It made one an initiate of literature, a Past Master; by understanding Kipling's ellipses and allusions you partook of what was Kipling's own special delight, the joy of being "in." Max Beerbohm has satirized Kipling's fawning admiration for the man in uniform, for the man with the know-how and the technical slang, his yearning to be admitted to any professional arcanum. It is a boy's emotion—he lusts for the exclusive circle, the sect with the password; and he profoundly admires the secret-laden people who run the world, the uniformed and overalled people, majestic in their occupation, superb in their preoccupation, the dour motor-man and the thoughtful plumber. To this emotion, developed not much beyond a boy's, Kipling was addicted all his life, and eventually it made him silly and a bore. But a boy reading Kipling could turn this feeling to literary account, for Kipling's manner was an invitation to him to be "in" on literature: it made him a snob of the esoteric Mystery of the Word.

"Craft" and "craftily" were words that Kipling loved (no doubt they were connected with his deep Masonic attachment), and when he used them he intended all their several meanings at once—shrewdness, a special technique, a special *secret* technique communicated by some master of it, and the bond that one user of the technique would feel with another. This feeling about the Craft, the Mystery, grew on Kipling and colored his politics and even his cosmological feelings quite for the worse. But to a boy it suggested a boy's notion of adult responsibility, and by bringing a glamor to all the professions it suggested the virtue of disinterestedness. If one ever fell in love with the cult of art, it was not because one had been proselytized by some adult Frenchman but because one had absorbed Kipling's creedal utterances about art and had read "The Light That Failed" literally to pieces.

These things we must be sure to put into the balance when we make up our account with Kipling—these and a few more. To a middle-class boy he gave a literary sanction for the admiration of the illiterate parts of humanity. He was the first to suggest what may be called the anthropological view—the perception that another man's idea of virtue and honor may be different from one's own but quite to be respected: we must remember this when we condemn his mindless imperialism. In "Kim" (Mr. Eliot is right in calling it his best book) he established the value of things a boy was not likely to find approved anywhere else—the rank, greasy, over-rich things, the life that was valuable outside the middle-class notions of success and gentility, the virtues of peace and contemplation; for Kipling's unconscious, artistic Indian

* "A Choice of Kipling's Verse." Made by T. S. Eliot, with an Essay on Rudyard Kipling. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

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knowledge was always better—as many have said—than his conscious, political, English ideas. And then a boy in a large New York high school could find a blessed release from the school's offensive pieties about "service" in the scornful individualism of "Stalky & Co."

But it was with "Stalky & Co." that the spell was broken and, significantly enough, by H. G. Wells. In his "Outline of History" Wells connected the doings of Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle with British imperialism, and he characterized both in a way that made one see how much callousness, arrogance, and brutality one had been willing to accept. From then on the disenchantment grew. The Wellsian liberalism took hold, and Shaw offered a new romance of wit and intellect. Kipling ceased to be the hero of life and literature, became the villain, and then nothing more than a dim symbol, though a natural gratitude kept green the memory of the pleasure he had given.

If this is indeed typical of the experience of many, an understanding of the reciprocal influence of Kipling and the Shaw-Wells liberalism is essential to the understanding of both Kipling and liberalism. And it is essential to the understanding of Mr. Eliot's essay on Kipling, which is not so much an essay in literature as in politics—in politics where it is involved with sentiment, assumptions, and sensibilities. Mr. Eliot does not admit this, and his obscuring of his intention perhaps explains why his essay is simply tiresome. This is not a thing I should ever have thought I would say about an essay of Mr. Eliot's, however wrong-headed, but then Mr. Eliot has never before been verbose in evasion.

The literary point that Mr. Eliot makes is that Kipling must be judged not as a writer of poetry but as a writer of verse, and that as a writer of verse he is admirable. There follow definitions of a certain ingenuity, but the distinction is nothing more than the old inadequate one—I believe that Mr. Eliot himself has specifically refused it—which Matthew Arnold advanced in writing about Dryden and Pope. I fail to see the usefulness of the distinction, I can even see critical danger in it; and when Mr. Eliot says that Kipling's verse sometimes becomes poetry it seems to me that poetry is merely an honorific word used to denote verse of a particular intensity. Nowadays, it is true, we are not enough aware of the pleasures of verse of a low intensity; Crabbe, Cowper, and Scott are rejected because they are not Donne or Hopkins or Mr. Eliot himself; and I should have welcomed Mr. Eliot's speaking out in a general way in support of this admirable and, as I think, necessary tradition. Had he done so, Kipling would not have appeared preeminent above certain other poets, but much would have had to be said in praise of Kipling. In two evenings or even in a single very long one you can read through the bulky Inclusive Edition of his verse on which Mr. Eliot's selection is based and be neither wearied—because you will not have been involved—nor uninterested—because Kipling was a man of great gifts. You will have moments of admiration and even wish that Mr. Eliot had included certain poems he has left out. You will be frequently angry at the truculence and sometimes amused (who but Kipling would have written a brag about English understatement? Carlyle on Silence is nothing to this), but when you have done you will be more inclined to pity than condemn: the constant iteration of the bravado

will have been illuminated by a few poems which touch on the fear and horror which Mr. Wilson deals with at length and which Mr. Eliot refers to: you feel that the ramparts of empire are being built against the mind's threat to itself.

Mr. Eliot's literary point about Kipling is too small for the éclat with which he brings it forward. We look for proportion to be restored by his handling of Kipling's politics, but we are disappointed. Mr. Eliot's inadequacy with Kipling's politics is a literary fault, for Kipling's politics are not a matter of formulations but of tone, overtone, emphasis, and color, none of which Mr. Eliot notices. He is at pains, for example, to deny that Kipling was a fascist: a tory, he says, is a very different thing, a tory considers fascism the last debasement of democracy. This is either disingenuous or obtuse. A tory, to be sure, is not a fascist, and speaking for myself, some of my best friends are tories—but it is just because Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Walter Scott are different from Kipling that they are admirable and instructive. Their monarchical and feudal ideals led them to large and often noble perceptions. Kipling is not like them, he is not generous and manly; he has none of their *mind*. His ideals left him mean; his toryism had often—though not always—a lower-middle-class snarl of defeated gentility in it, and it is this rather than his love of authority that might suggest an affinity with fascism. His ideal of loyalty depends upon the admission of inferiority: one suspects that his notion of the perfect relationship is that of man and dog. His imperialism is reprehensible not because it is imperialism—which in the abstract may be a defensible system—but because he was too small of mind to conceive anything but a puny and mindless imperialism. In short, Kipling is unloved and unlovable, not by reason of his beliefs, but by reason of the temperament that gave them literary expression. Of this temperament Mr. Eliot seems quite unaware.

It is not extravagant to say that Kipling's aberrations have been one of liberalism's major misfortunes. John Stuart Mill urged all liberals to study the conservative Coleridge, remarking that we should pray to have enemies who make us worthy of ourselves. Kipling was an enemy who had the opposite effect. For example, it seems to me that the strength of toryism at its best lies in its descent from an administrative tradition, while the weakness of liberalism is likely to be a fogginess about administration: Kipling's sympathy was always with the administrator, never with the legislator; this is foolish but it is not the most reprehensible error in the world, and it is a prejudice that in the hands of an intelligent man might serve to make clear to the man of principle, to the liberal, what the difficulties of governing really are. And this is what Kipling set out to do, but he so charged his demonstration with hatred and contempt, with rancor and caste feeling, that he could not be believed. His extravagance sprang from his opinion of the liberal intellectual; the liberal intellectual responded by hating everything that Kipling loved.

We must make no mistake about it—Kipling was an honest man and he loved the national virtues. But I suppose no man ever did more harm to the national virtues than Kipling did. He mixed them up with swagger and swank, with bullying, ruthlessness, and self-righteousness, and he set them against intellect. He made them stink in the nostrils of youth. I re-

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member that in my own undergraduate days we used specifically to exclude physical courage from among the virtues—we were exaggerating the point of a joke of Shaw's—and up to the war I had a yearly struggle with undergraduates over Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" (which, incidentally, is the respectable father of the profligate "If"): it seemed too moral and "manly," they said, and once when I remarked that John Wordsworth had apparently been just such a man as his brother had described and told them about his courageous and dutiful death at sea, they said flatly that they were not impressed. This was not what they really thought, but the ideas of courage and duty had been steeped for them in the Kipling vat and they rejected the ideas with the color. And in England this response seems to have gone even farther. The interesting and touching phenomenon of the cult of Richard Hillary (see Arthur Koestler's article, *The Birth of a Myth*, in *Horizon* for April, 1943) is the effort of the English young men to find the national virtues without the Kipling touch, to be soldiers without being idiots, to have emotions about their nation without music-hall facility, to know and resist their enemies without self-glorification.

If proof were ever needed of the practical importance of literature, it is here in this spectacle of a poet making impossible the virtues he prized, and rightly prized. And of this Mr. Eliot remains curiously unaware, giving us a Kipling of unexceptionable temperament, defending his toryism and imperialism as if he were discussing Burke or Fitzjames Stephen.

Mr. Eliot speaks of "the fascination of exploring a mind so different from my own," and certainly the difference between the two minds is the quietly dramatic point of his elaborate public appearance with Kipling. But we are tempted—and perhaps Mr. Eliot wishes us to be tempted—to question the difference and look for the similarity. And poetically the affinity is not so impossible as it seems. Mr. Eliot speaks of the public intention and the music-hall tradition of Kipling's verse, and whoever has heard a record of Mr. Eliot reading "The Waste Land" will have been struck by how much that poem is publicly intended, shaped not so much for the study as for the theater—or at least the pulpit and the altar—by how much, in the full dialect rendition of the cockney passages, it is even shaped for the music hall, by how open the poet's voice makes the music we are inclined to think secretive. Then it is significant that among the dominant themes of both Kipling and Mr. Eliot is the fear of a nameless psychological horror and despair. Politically they share the headlong and angry reliance on administration and authority. They have the same sense of being beset and betrayed by the ignoble mob: Kipling invented and elaborated the figure of the "Pict," the dark, little, hating man who in other guises plays so important a part in Mr. Eliot's poetry, who stimulates in them both the same pathos of xenophobia, one manifestation of which is an open and reasoned anti-Semitism. (Mr. Eliot, it is true, would not descend to the snippy, persecuted anti-Semitism of ironic good manners which, in *The Waster*, leads Kipling to write "etc." when the rhyme requires "Jew"; but Mr. Eliot must have been at some trouble to procure this poem for his selection, for it is not included in the Inclusive Edition.)

It has sometimes seemed to me that one of the serious

weaknesses of liberalism is its obtuse literary sensibility—its doctrinaire suspicion of literature's variety and subtlety, its inability to accept perceptions apart from rejected formulations, its dislike of the strange and unexpected, its sneaking admiration of the solidly dull, and perhaps above all its inability to be aware of the meaning of style, of the implications of the tone of an utterance. A critic like Mr. Eliot has always seemed useful exactly because, being free from the liberal prepossessions—though certainly not free from other political conditions of taste—he could challenge the liberal sensibility. His Kipling venture suggests that we may not be able to rely on him farther for this challenge, not because he has found merit in Kipling—it is there—but because his judgment is so without illumination, leaving us with nothing more than the possibility of reflecting on how deep, how obscure, and how bitterly combative are the motives of literary judgment.

A Novelist's Faith

A CERTAIN MEASURE. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE United States, like all other civilized countries, has produced an enormous number of novelists—that is to say, persons who have written and published not one novel or two but many. The most obvious way to classify them is to make a division into the good and the bad; but this is not the only way, and it is not always or for all purposes the most significant way. Another very useful classification which may cut across the obvious one is made if we separate those who have from those who have not practiced their craft under the control of the assumption that novel writing is a unique art, with aims as well as methods peculiar to it. The latter may write for money, fun, or fame. They may also write to attack or defend some moral or political or social cause. But novel writing is for them one of the ways of achieving ends which may be also achieved in other ways. The former write novels to accomplish something which they feel would not be accomplished at all if novels were not written. It is not a question of art for art's sake—whatever that may mean. The novels may be written not for art's sake but in order, to take a phrase from the book at present under review, "to increase our understanding of life and heighten our consciousness." But the novelist, on this assumption, has a unique way of doing both these things.

Obviously one of Ellen Glasgow's claims to distinction is that she belongs to the rather small company of Americans who have persistently written novels on this assumption. The subtitle of the present volume—"An Interpretation of Prose Fiction"—is somewhat misleading. Actually it is not a treatise on the art of prose fiction but a collection of individual prefaces for an edition of her own novels. But because she has consistently been a certain kind of novelist these prefaces almost inevitably do become a defense of that general conception of the novelist's art to which she has been steadfastly loyal. For that reason also they give a meaning to her career.

Leave out of account the controlling faith, take what the merely hard-boiled would declare "the facts in the case," and that career might become the occasion for obvious irony. Here

Wherever men settle and
the fruits of earth ripen . . .
there are locusts

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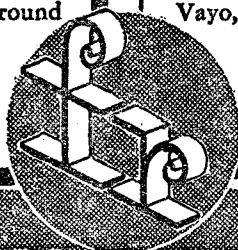
"THIS unique interpretation is offered by former head of the liberal *Hochschule für Politik* in Berlin. His background and keen insight into world politics give authority to his words concerning character of our enemy and nature of his anti-religious crusade. In his suggestion that World War II continues World War I, in discussion of relationship between monotheism and monoglobism, in his Parable of the Three Mountains, etc., Mr. Jackh so translates ideas and dreams into words that readers will resent interruptions after starting to read his book." — LIBRARY JOURNAL. \$2.50

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FARRAR & RINEHART

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is a woman who began as a rebel against the genteel tradition and who ends, as rebels so often do, protesting against the rebelliousness of a new generation. As a young beginner she was convinced that Southern novelists did not tell the truth about Southern society. As the result of her early efforts one old lady told her sadly that if *she* had Miss Glasgow's talents she would devote them to proving that the South had been right; an elderly relative declared, "It is incredible that a well-brought-up Southern girl should even know what a bastard is"; a publisher suggested that she should try her hand at an "optimistic" novel. A little less than half a century later she is complaining that realism has often "degenerated into literary ruffianism" and that "nowadays, American novels are filled with illegitimate offspring, and New York is overcrowded with vociferous young radicals, just escaped from the South."

Now if she were actually saying no more than that while one bastard is necessary, too many of them—literal or figurative—are shocking, she would merely be furnishing an example to support the often-advanced proposition that all generations are alike in that each is convinced its elders did not go far enough and its younger contemporaries are going too far. But Miss Glasgow is interesting because she makes a good case for her contention that the essential difference is not merely a matter of far enough and too far. Though she can refer humorously to those present-day "Southern realists who are enjoying the more profitable disfavor of the present," and can protest that "the multitude of half-wits, and whole idiots, and nymphomaniacs, and paranoiacs, and rakehells in general that populate the modern literary South could flourish nowhere but in the weird pages of melodrama," what she is most importantly contending is that "the republic of letters" has "surrendered unconditionally to the amateur"—and by the amateur she means the novelist who may seek sensation on the one hand or earnestly propagate some moral or political doctrine on the other, who may even empty, with what he hopes is scientific objectivity, his notebooks into his novels, but who is not, in her sense, a novelist at all because he is not a writer who feels that novel writing is the result of a unique activity in the course of which reality as the individual sees it is recreated in a form from which his own deepest feeling toward it and judgment of it will emerge.

A review offers no opportunity to debate the validity of judgments implied or of aesthetic principles laid down. It does, however, permit the statement that Miss Glasgow's pages afford admirable occasion for such debate, as well as an admirable account of her own attitudes toward life and art. A large part of her work has been concerned with people living with a dying tradition, one which, in the novelist's opinion, both should and inevitably must die. Yet there is nothing in which she has believed more firmly than in the necessity of a tradition to a good life. Speaking of one of her novels she says: "My major theme is the conflict of human beings with human nature, of civilization with biology. In this constant warfare tragedy lies not in defeat but in surrender." Perhaps the fact that it was her fate to develop in a society where the only definable tradition was one already doomed to death is in part responsible for the evolution of her own dominant mood, which she describes thus: "Although a kind of cheerful pessimism, lightly turning into ironic amusement, has

hardened to fortitude, both my sympathy and my resentment are still as easily aroused as they ever were in the past. I have never lost the old irrational sense that, by some sinister fate, I had become in part responsible for the evils of a world which, like the Shropshire Lad, I had never made."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Yankee Dick Whittington

CONNECTICUT YANKEE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Wilbur L. Cross. Yale University Press. \$5.

THE subject and author of this book is peculiarly a Connecticut institution, in some degree a product of nature but mainly a work of art. During his own lifetime, partly with the help of communal composition but certainly not without his own complicity, Wilbur Cross has become a legend in which Connecticut people of all classes and political parties feel a sense of proprietorship. He is not, therefore, entirely his own man, nor is the story of his life exclusively a private concern. Now that he comes to write that story, completing it on his eighty-first birthday, he is free to show of what materials the institution was built, he can discriminate between the *Wahrheit* and the *Dichtung* of the legend, but any effort on his part to destroy the legend or weaken the institution would certainly be resented and would probably fail.

One of the first things to be said in praise of this autobiography is, therefore, that it is written with a feeling of responsibility in the execution of the public trust. To the thousands who know Governor Cross in person and to the many thousands more who think they know a good deal about him, "Connecticut Yankee" will bring few surprises. During the many months in which the book has been awaited they have expected from him a shrewd, canny, humorous tale, packed with exact information and kindly innuendo, fighting with a sword of wit behind a shield of assumed simplicity. They have expected the story of an extraordinarily full and various life told by a mind still young, unwearied by faithful attendance upon thousands of committees, unsoured by thousands of campaign speeches. Just that is what is now laid before them. The legend is authenticated and the institution is secure.

The title "Connecticut Yankee," or rather the clear sharp idea those words convey, suffuses the book as a drop of ink does a gallon of water. One guesses that when once he had found this almost perfect title the author resolved to write up to it, to exemplify it fully, and to include as little as possible that did not come under that rubric. Now shrewdness comes under it, but not the deeper kinds of wisdom. Eager activity of many sorts is included, but not reflection. From a Connecticut Yankee, as commonly understood, we expect the fruits of an outward and worldly success. They are here. What we do not expect from him, or get from this book, is the depth, the quiet, the peace that come, perhaps, only from the experience of failure. In the career of this Yankee Dick Whittington, which began in an obscure village and culminated in four terms as Governor of Connecticut, failure seems to have been left out.

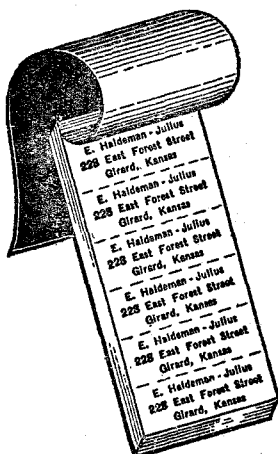
On an early page of his book Governor Cross wonders,

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somewhat vaguely, which one of his ancestors reaching back into earliest Puritan times has contributed most to his own characteristics. Judging from his account of these people, one would select his great-grandfather Peter Cross, a small farmer and peddler of earthenware, "a convivial companion who loved a jest and a good story whether he told it himself or heard it told by another." With those words for guide one can paint an imaginary portrait not unlike the one that Connecticut has now in mind of "Uncle Toby" himself. It is the picture of a man who easily turned his hands and wits to various tasks, saw his fellow clearly through laughing eyes, took nothing—even himself—too seriously, and by dint of having a thoroughly good time in life helped many others to a better time than they could have had without him. Peter Cross's "bump of veneration," to use a phrase of his times, was probably not prominent. Religion meant less to him than to his forbears. One guesses that he watched his fellow-men narrowly on the road, in church, and at the counter of the general store, thus accumulating a considerable knowledge of human nature. He too might have said: "There is very little difference between tricks of horses and tricks of men."

As though recognizing some of these likenesses, Governor Cross regrets that he was not named after this great-grandfather instead of the Methodist leader Wilbur Fiske. "What a wonderful name that would have been for me," he exclaims, "on entering a public career! 'Peter Cross the Governor of Connecticut!' It would have been good for thousands of votes."

A remark such as this, quoted out of context, may suggest to uninformed persons a doubt whether the man who made it, or the book in which it appears, can have any serious importance. Similar doubts have occurred even in Connecticut. They were expressed, chiefly by Republicans, when Wilbur Cross devoted most of his speech at a dinner celebrating his first victory at the polls to a jocose diatribe against the custom of taking baths. His campaign speeches contained a good many references to his rural boyhood, to the "little old red schoolhouse" where he began his literary career, and to the country store in which as a child he took his first lessons in politics and human nature. His Republican critics disliked all this not for its apparent frivolity but because it was rosy, delightful, and wonderfully successful in getting votes.

During his first campaign Wilbur Cross had to face the sneers that commonly greet the new-come "scholar in politics." But "the dear old gentleman down at Yale," as the late J. Henry Roraback rather insolently called him, turned out to be so different from the harmless dry-as-dust which "the boys" had expected that they soon promoted him to the exalted rank of "that old son-of-a-bitch"—a sobriquet which may well have pleased him more than any of his academic titles. When spoken with a smile it can of course convey the fondest masculine affection, and even when ground out between gritted teeth it suggests a respect seldom paid by "the boys" to college professors.

No one will complain that there is anything frivolous in the handling of former political opponents to be found in "Connecticut Yankee." They are not denounced, to be sure, or vilified. Far worse than that, they are quoted—usually without comment. The things they did in the effort to thwart

and hamstringing one whom they regarded as an intruder upon a Republican domain are simply set down, for the record. It seems probable, therefore, that certain names which posterity would never otherwise have heard will be preserved like flies in amber.

Governor Cross devotes one quarter of his book to the years of his youth, another quarter to his long service as teacher, author, editor, and administrative officer at Yale, and all the second half to the political career which he began at an age, to use his own words, at "which most men are dead." The permanent value of "Connecticut Yankee" lies, no doubt, in its close and fairly minute record of his four terms in office as Governor of Connecticut. Herein it has no rival, if only for the reason that no other such expert man of letters in America has ever had his chance to observe and record the political scene from just such a point of vantage. The combination of opportunity and ability is unique.

"Connecticut Yankee" is a book to be remembered, also, for the example it gives of a purpose tenaciously held and finally accomplished after a long series of disappointments. For six years Governor Cross planned and worked for certain quite necessary reforms in the administrative structure of the state government, but was balked of his hopes at every turn. During his last two years in office, however, he finally secured more than he had hoped for; so that he left the governorship far stronger and more respected than it had been at any time in a hundred years. A fact which he does not record in his book is that he left it with honor, with the praise even of those who had once thought themselves his enemies, and with the affection of all who know him.

ODELL SHEPARD

The Caged Sybil

NEW POEMS, 1943: AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. Howell, Soskin, and Company. \$2.75.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, in compiling his book of "New Poems, 1943," has been extraordinarily successful in achieving what he set out to do, if that was, as I take it, to present the most interesting poems written within the year in the English language. Occasionally he has gone beyond this limit of time: Allen Tate's "More Sonnets at Christmas," which celebrate the last occurrence of that holiday, are preceded by the earlier and now well-known "Sonnets at Christmas," written ten years ago. Though I recognize several other poems from having seen them before, there are, so far as I am able to discern, none, with the exception I have noted, which has not been done in an awareness of a world at war. A considerable number of the poems are here published for the first time. The volume is made up in large part from the work of established poets whose worth has been approved by their contemporaries, but there is also a generous selection from young poets whose talents as yet exceed their reputations. The range, among Americans, is from Robert Frost, who was born in 1875, to Dunstan Thompson, who did not see the light of day until 1918; among the British, from Edith Sitwell and Herbert Read, who have long been known in this country, to Alex Comfort, who at twenty-three years

of age makes here his first appearance in an American volume.

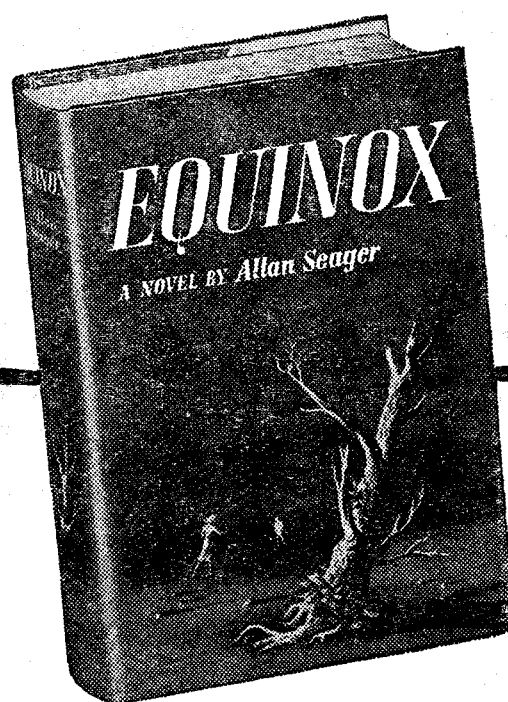
The choice, then, is wide; and Mr. Williams's taste seems to me sufficiently sound to allow the volume to be taken as indicative of the present state of the poetic mind. Statements on dust-covers are notoriously untrustworthy, since they are designed, not to describe a book, but to sell it. In this instance, however, I may be permitted to start with the publisher's blurb, which declares that the poems included in the anthology have been chosen because they deal with realities and then goes on to say that the book is essentially one of war poetry. The editor is then quoted: "It is the work of poets who have intensely felt the fact of war."

The standard of the book is high, because most of the poets represented do deal with their own realities. And that they have intensely felt the fact of war may be assumed, since no one could well live in the world today and avoid either fact or feeling. But it is remarkable, considering the wide range of the anthologist's choice, how little war poetry he has managed to get between his covers. The blurb at least makes it clear that whatever he found is here. But it is quite as clear from the pages that, however intensely his contributors may have felt as men and women, as poets they have for the most part neither cared nor dared to write as if the war were their main concern. They are like Dante's angel, who, opening the gate on that portion of hell where the violent are, looked as though he were moved by quite other cares than those around him.

Very early in the book—the poets are arranged alphabetically by name—amid the scattered brilliance of George Barker's phrases, there is a reference to the Austrian corporal "At whose word once, from Europe to the sky, Suddenly everyone everywhere began to die." But it is a phrase among a hundred others. William Empson asks to be told again "about Europe and her pains." But we have gone one-third of the way through the three hundred pages before, in David Gascoyne's *A Wartime Dawn*, there is a clear mention of a specific event, the invasion of Norway, and even here futile battles off a bitter coast are merely numbered among the circumstances of a return from the blankness of sleep to the consciousness of one more day of a world at war. The first poems by an Englishman unmistakably devoted to the war are C. Day Lewis's *Word Over All* and *Reconciliation*; the first by an American is Marianne Moore's *In Distrust of Merits*, which seems to me much the best poem about the war yet written in this country. And yet, when I expressed this opinion to Miss Moore recently, her response was that she had been relieved, at the outbreak of hostilities, to know that she would not be required to write a war poem.

At this point we are halfway through the anthology, and what I have said about the first half is not invalidated by the second, in which there are only two outstanding poems which I am quite sure have the present war for their central theme: Allen Tate's *Ode to Our Young Proconsuls of the Air* and *Jubilo*. And even then I am uncertain about the second. The war certainly provided the occasion for the poem, but the center of interest is perhaps rather in the disarray of a world which has been able to find no release save in the outrage and carnage of overwhelming war.

How are we to explain this reluctance of poets who are



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among the most serious of our time to bring the war into the foreground of their thought? The more serious they are the more they would seem to be determined to use the gifts with which they have been endowed, the talents they have trained, to discover some other issue from the disorder of the times than the destructive one which the world of action, willingly or not, has desperately accepted. Of course, when a man's country is in danger, he will do what he can to defend it. But he will do this as a man, because it is the part of a man. As a poet, he has other responsibilities and other compulsions. He wants a principle of coherence and asks of his thought, which provides none, only that he might address it as Donne once did his God, "Thou hast contracted thine immensity, and shut thyself within Syllables and accepted a Name from us."

Then, too, being under the compulsion to tell the truth, the poet is bound to be wary of any knowledge he has not won in his own right. Most of the poets here represented have been, for one reason or another, excluded from combat, and those who are of an age and condition to do the fighting are still too taken up with their own brief youth, whose brevity now becomes especially poignant, to have assimilated their military experience. Miss Moore's poem succeeds because, while by no means unaware of those who are "fighting in deserts and caves, one by one, in battalions and squadrons," she finds the heart of her matter in her own responsibility for their having to fight. "There never was a war that was not inward." And it is because she has essentially restricted herself to this inward war, which she knows as no one else does, that she has written a poem profoundly personal and at every point precise.

It may be, too, that the poets neglect war because the theme is to them outworn. When peace was proclaimed after the last war, the poets had no ease, and between the laying down and the taking up of arms, they took it as their responsibility to tell of a world which was like Trimalchio's Sybil, who, when the little boys questioned her in her cage, wanted only to die. It was twenty-one years ago that T. S. Eliot, with that curious genius of his for taking over passages from other writers and resetting them so that they acquire quite another meaning than the author intended and take on in the reader's eye a new glint and brilliance, seized on those lines from the "Satyricon" and placing them before "The Waste Land" gave them a tragic import. In Petronius the passage has a comic intent, for the Sybil is brought in to point up Trimalchio's ignorance and boastfulness. Yet the meaning which Mr. Eliot found there must always have been in the words. What was, by the time he used them, a learned reference became, beyond any other one phrase, an expression of his own and a generation's disease. Mr. Eliot's desperation, he has been careful to tell us, was his own affair. Nevertheless, what he said about the world was recognized by anyone who could read poetry as true. One might escape his conclusions, which were singularly inconclusive, and reject his solutions, which solved none but his personal problems; but one could escape his premises only at the risk of rejecting the truth. The poetic situation is still very much what he found it; at bottom, it has not greatly changed since Baudelaire. To write now of war, when for so long nothing has promised peace, would be to write of events which,

though the accompanying heroism and devastation exceed anything that could have been imagined, have already occurred in the imagination. Their moral import has already been set down.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Mr. Crawford Explains

REPORT ON NORTH AFRICA. By Kenneth G. Crawford. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

UNTIL November of 1942 the author of this little volume was among the most vigorous critics of the conduct of our foreign affairs to be found in the Washington press corps. In that month Allied troops landed in North Africa, and Mr. Crawford decided instantly and with complete finality that this heartening event proved he had been wrong and the Administration right. He wrote in *PM* that the entire Vichy policy was to be judged by the extent to which North African politicians fell in with the Allied plans. It was with this orientation that he set sail the following March—four months after the event and more than two months after the assassination of Darlan—for a ninety-day visit to the scene of the first great political controversy of this war.

Crawford's journey has left him convinced of the correctness of American policy in North Africa, but I think his report would prove an exceedingly frail reed should the Administration choose to lean upon it. Of its 206 short pages, something like two-thirds are given over to incidents of the journey, descriptions of the country, and snatches of local history—all colorful, incidentally, and pleasantly written. The political analysis is confined to something like 70 pages, and it is anything but substantial.

Crawford soon found that "opinion about the morality and effectiveness of the American diplomacy that made way for our November 8 landings was as sharply divided and not much better informed on the terrace of the Aletti [his hotel in Algiers] than in the Senate dining-room at the Capitol in Washington." Accordingly he tried "to reconstruct by talking with principals still on the scene." Since his informants, apart from a few prisoners in the Sahara labor camps, were either the executors of American policy or the Frenchmen with whom they collaborated, the report emerges as a painfully uncritical acceptance of the official case.

Out of personal regard for the author, whose record as a liberal and as a journalist entitles him to a respectful hearing, I wish I could report that he has at least argued a good case. But he hasn't. He is obviously not at home in the web of foreign politics, and this part of his book is filled with contradictions, inaccuracies, and one-sided testimony. He makes the point that De Gaulle's London Committee could not have been used in connection with the invasion because it had compromised itself in the eyes of the French people by collaborating with Communists. ("The people of France have not forgotten that the Communists played the role of traitor before and during the German invasion.") But if the French of North Africa could not endure the Communists for having sabotaged the war effort up to the moment Russia was invaded, how can it be argued that North African sentiment compelled us to deal with Darlan, Peyrouton, Boisson, and

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others who, going far beyond sabotage, had completely identified themselves with the interests of the enemy?

Crawford a little later admits the existence of the widespread De Gaullist sentiment which subsequently showed itself in North Africa, but he explains it hostilely as "French nationalism . . . reasserting itself," with De Gaulle "as an opponent of American and British interference in matters of French political concern." We favor French nationalism, it appears, when it is exemplified by such ultra-national factionalists as Darlan and Weygand, but fight it when its leading exponent commands popular support ranging from Royalist to Communist. Of the Anglo-American interference which De Gaulle is accused of opposing, Crawford unwittingly cites repeated instances: "It required threats of public denunciation to persuade De Gaulle to put his signature to an innocuous statement . . ." (Crawford doesn't tell us that De Gaulle wanted to make the statement meaningful instead of innocuous); "it was decided [by Churchill and Roosevelt] that De Gaulle should not be permitted to push Giraud aside . . ."; "The President and the Prime Minister agreed that the French army . . . should not be turned over to De Gaulle," etc.

There is not a good word in the book for the Frenchman who did after all rally his countrymen to the side of the British in the days when England itself seemed doomed, but there are tolerance, understanding, and the benefit of every doubt for men who in those same days busied themselves fitting France into the New Order. "Pétain approved of the American invasion but couldn't say so publicly." "Noguès is a more complicated human than his American publicity has made him out." Lemaigre-Dubreuil, "one of the most useful" of a group of "bankers and industrialists whom the Nazis thought they had taken into camp," was so harshly treated by the pro-De Gaulle press of America that he "joined the Gaullists because he considered such affiliation the best way of expressing his anti-American sentiments." Make what you can of that! Spanish Loyalist prisoners were in fact compelled to do forced labor on the trans-Sahara railway, but conditions were not so bad as they had been painted, the liberals back home were in too much of a hurry for the liquidation of the camps, and the directors of the Compagnie Méditerranée-Niger, in charge of the project, had "an almost fanatical faith in their enterprise," which, Crawford explains, "mitigated any self-reproach for their employment practices." Crawford admits, incidentally, that our army would have been glad to use some of the Spanish prisoners "but had been prevented from enlisting them by diplomatic considerations" when General Franco protested.

General Giraud, despite his complete failure in the role for which he was cast by the Allied leaders, emerges from this report without a flaw. Crawford accepts in every detail the official story of his escape and adds that he was recommended to President Roosevelt, via Robert Murphy, by "certain Frenchmen," unnamed. There is no word here about the famous letter which Giraud addressed from his Königsstein prison to Pétain, in which salient features of the Nazi system were highly recommended for France. Crawford feels that "slander against Giraud went to fantastic lengths in some liberal publications," and he cites as an example the confusing of Giraud with General Gouraud, who was re-

ported to have plotted with the Nazis. Crawford surely knows that this error appeared not in one of the "liberal publications," but in the *Saturday Evening Post*, though it was later picked up by Edgar Mowrer of the *New York Post*, who made it the basis for an inquiry. The mistake, incidentally, was made by the same Demaree Bess whom Crawford singles out as a journalist who "did much to clear up confusion" about political events in North Africa.

More serious than such inaccuracies, and the book's undeniably partial approach, is its bewildering lack of focus. In a Foreword designed to "orient" the report Crawford writes that "the African campaign changed the political character of the war." The President then and there "abandoned any pretense of leading a world revolution," and "our basic war policy, it became apparent, was one of military expedience and power politics rather than reform and welfare politics." This sounds at first like the words of those liberal critics whom Crawford now acidly berates. But whereas Crawford himself would once have considered them a serious indictment, he now regards them as an indorsement. "Success," he writes, "won us more admirers in North Africa than food or kindness. It will be the same elsewhere." And if we have confused the European underground by our deal with Darlan, what of it?—"it was not the first element of confusion injected into this war." If this shallow cynicism is really Crawford's position—and I find that hard to believe—he is entitled to it. But then why write a book to defend our policy? Our troops landed in Africa; so the policy was obviously right. By the same token Hirohito's troops landed in the Philippines, thereby proving that the code of the Samurai has much to recommend it. ROBERT BENDINER

The Jewish Dickens

THE WORLD OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE Russo-Polish Pale, the last or latest metropolis of the Diaspora, accounts more than anything else for what the West now knows as the Jew. Its liveliest memorial was created by one of the few great folk writers whose names and personalities are a matter of historical record. Sholom Aleichem (né Rabinovitch) was an "emancipated" Jew, acquainted with Western culture and with one foot already outside the ghetto. This distance, perhaps, was a necessity to his writing.

The intrinsic interest of its subject sustains Mr. Samuel's book, which deals with what Sholom Aleichem wrote about rather than with the writing itself. But Mr. Samuel himself writes with a too evenly diffused warmth and blurs everything. In any case it is hard to talk in English about the virtues of Sholom Aleichem's work. The verbal wit, liveliness, and Elizabethan fluidity of Yiddish do not survive translation, nor does the shop talk of Talmudic scholarship—something a Jew got in his bones without ever having read the Talmud. The contexts are difficult to render unto Gentiles, and unless it is understood how the contexts are being wrenched, much of the humor fails to come through.

Inevitably, Sholom Aleichem is called the Jewish Dickens. Such parallels are objectionable on principle, but this one

does provide some illumination. Like Dickens's humor, that of Sholom Aleichem is comic and verbal and depends less on situation than on character, local color, and dialect. Personages are comic because they do not take a sufficiently pessimistic or resigned view of themselves and of their condition, or because they handle too colloquially the big, pompous truths of life. This is of the essence of most humor about the poor. Sholom Aleichem's humor sometimes comes close to farce but never actually reaches it, for the absurd is too near at hand in the reality that is imitated. I think that Sholom Aleichem goes deeper than Dickens. His humor can take control of and intensify a tragic situation; it deals really with what is a tragic situation in the main. But to show the disparity between the Jew's visions of heaven, space, security, and wealth on the one hand and his cramped and precarious confinement on the other was no job for the tragic muse unmasked. And then the ghetto was not quite what it seems. The Jew there was not nearly so middle-class as he has since become in Brooklyn and as he became in Germany. He managed to produce a real folk life in the tenements and back alleys and even the suburbs. Many of Sholom Aleichem's characters take the fact that they are Jews for granted, and this great favor was allowed them nowhere else on earth than in certain communities of the Pale, where Jews performed all the functions of society and were not penned within an economic caste.

The ghetto taught the Jew to keep his eye on the main thing, the main thing in any interest, not only his own. Therefore his impatience with etiquette. The poor everywhere are impatient with etiquette, if not decorum, but none so much as the Jews. For them the only etiquette impervious to ridicule is that of ideas. Why deny that man lives by cruel competition in this particular world? Nor is there any valid reason to curb the extravagances of one's temperament. It is no wonder that the best literature the ghetto has produced in recent times is humorous and that its *folk* life can be defined as peculiar to a people who live in the constant presence or under the perpetual threat of the joke. The ghetto Jew may have been retarded in many respects, but in this he was the most advanced of all human beings—"Oriental" perhaps in his poverty and in the denseness of the atmosphere in which he lived but not in his realism and in his abhorrence of hypocrisy. (The last thing the Jew is, is tricky, and the last thing he thinks of is his front to the world. The ostentatious Jew—that great myth of the Anglo-Saxon world—is ostentatious only about his wealth, and unlike maharajahs and Vanderbilts, makes no other claim by his ostentation than that of wealth. And when he loses it he does not bother to keep the lace curtains hanging in the front parlor.)

There is another reason why the Jews live on such close terms with humor. In the last two thousand years they have been unable to play any striking role as a whole people, with the result that history has not presented them with fresh infusions of glory and dignity from above to act as sedatives upon their critical sense. The persecutions they endure, because these involve fundamentally meaningless suffering, relevant only to the persecutors themselves, neither sharpen their sense of tragedy nor dry up their wit. The effect is the opposite. True, the Jews have acquired a phenomenal capacity for suffering, but pure, irrelevant suffering in itself—no less

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than the competitive life of the ghetto—has made them only the more impatient with all the devices by which the necessary cruelties of existence are dignified and sublimated. They have learned that the best or at least the safest way to protect oneself against what for Jews would be insupportable otherwise is humor.

The Jew's almost quixotic insistence upon directness in relations and his unwillingness to allow himself or anyone else to be identified by or with his function or position in society is succinctly illustrated by Sholom Aleichem's story of the old Jewess who refuses to pay her fare to the conductor of a trolley car because he happens also to be the young son of a neighbor, whom she has known since he was a baby. It strikes her as ridiculous beyond words to enter into such a formal relationship with him as would be denoted by paying him fare. Aside from the fact that it is to her own interest not to pay the fare, she doesn't—for his own sake—want him to make a fool of himself.

Sholom Aleichem's characters are unsatisfied by their emotions; they insist on worrying them into ideas and on posing them so that they best catch the gleam of logic's rhetoric. "I will extol Thee, my God, O King (what good would it do me if I didn't?)" Teveyeh, the wagon-driver, prays. He is full of pleading and submission, there is no question about his piety, and he has at that moment permitted himself a glance at the wretched panorama of his life; but he cannot defend his feelings from the examining and comparing intellect. It is this that the Nazis profess to complain of most in the Jews.

Capitalism, in the sense that capital is the most valuable form of wealth, was nothing new to the ghetto, as we all know. The Jew has been a capitalist more or less ever since the beginning of the Diaspora or whenever it was he rid himself of the instinctive reliance upon ponderous or immobile possessions. It has always been the speculative, commercial, pre-industrial aspect of capitalism, not the exploitation of other people's labor through the possession of their tools, that has attracted the Jews. Nevertheless, though speculation may have built the ghetto, it was the first—in its more modern forms—to violate its privacy and breach it to the outside world. It is responsible for that most typical phenomenon of recent Jewish life, the *Luftmensch*, the man who lives in, by, and on air, the fixer, the promoter, the go-between, the man who always has a deal on hand and never a vocation, the visionary whose dreams are full of calculation and the grossest actualities, the practical man who suffers from pathological optimism—a malady without which many Jews would be unable to go on being Jews. Sholom Aleichem hints, I believe, at the Jew's weariness of this sort of thing. He is tired whether he knows it or not of the adventures of capitalism, bored by them; he understands capitalism too well and has begun to have a sense of guilt about it—not that the Jews in particular are the ones responsible or that all Jews are capitalists, but that most Jews grow up to be entrepreneurs by culture and psychological habit. Now one part of them yearns for a new order, while another turns backward to Zionism and a pastoral life that is nothing but a literary reminiscence. In the wretchedness and beyond the humor of Sholom Aleichem's world both hopes begin to stir. The Jews like cities, gregarious life, and the fluidities of commerce; they still like

them but at the same time they yearn to stop liking them. Security lies in another direction.

Yet the Jews in a way relish their fate, as in a way everyone does. For they still are chosen, chosen at least to be always confronted by or to confront the alternate finalities of the human lot. Think: they have been and still are the most particularist people on earth; yet they have been accused of making it their particular mission to destroy particularity, to internationalize, to create the brotherhood of man. They are accused of self-seeking; yet they produced the supreme example of the gratuitous and disinterested man who is not an ascetic. They are supposed to be materialists; yet none have been so foolhardy in exposing themselves for an idea. And at the same time they are stubborn, they go on manifesting vitality, swarm, pullulate, enjoy, and multiply; yet they were the first to distinguish between the wholesome and the unwholesome and to find fertility rites an abomination—perhaps because they have always been more convinced than anybody else of the essential dignity of man. This may explain why they are so ready, as in Sholom Aleichem's case, to submit themselves to the attrition of humor.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Fiction in Review

OF THE new fall novels I have so far read, the most impressive is Paul Hughes's "Retreat from Rostov" (Random House, \$2.75). It is a first novel and falls short of being the major work it could have been, but it is remarkable if only because its author, a radio and newspaperman of twenty-seven who has never been outside his native state of Oklahoma, instead of crawling into his own shell and snuggling the world in after him, set himself the imposing task of recreating in fiction one of the crucial engagements of the Russian war. In addition to news reports, Mr. Hughes had only ambition to work with, but he remembered there had been novelists before him, and he frankly went to school to the author of that other Russian war story "War and Peace." From Tolstoy he learned not only a possible Russian background but what a novel should be and a method of narrative—how to handle time and space, how to use people over a large canvas, the virtues of an efficient unstylish prose; he also learned the uses of an in- and yet above-the-battle point of vantage. This is not to say that "Retreat from Rostov" is a second-hand version of "War and Peace," any more than Tolstoy's *Austerlitz*, say, is a second-hand version of Stendhal's *Waterloo*. Nor do I mean to indicate that Mr. Hughes is even remotely in a class with his master: unhappily, in fact, his apprenticeship to Tolstoy proves, once again, that it takes more than a great teacher to make a great pupil. But it also proves that the pupil with the grace and wisdom to seek instruction in the proper places is at least that far in advance of the pupil too arrogant to be taught. In the welter of current fiction whose chief boast seems to be that art needs no masters, "Retreat from Rostov" is a rare phenomenon, a novel that consciously sets out to learn from the past and take its stand in the best literary tradition.

In a way the hero of "Retreat from Rostov" is Rostov itself. Mr. Hughes's novel is an account of the thirty-four-day battle to capture, and hold, this key city on the Don. His

sympathies are overwhelmingly pro-Russian of course, but he knows the value of telling both sides of a story, even in fiction, and moves his narrative back and forth between the Russian and German armies, from colonels to privates and cooks, from the women's corps which follows the Nazi army to the guerrillas who make the occupation of Rostov, once captured, impossible: he would wish to throw the full weight of his creative powers into the characters he despises as well as into the characters he loves. But unfortunately the creation of character, as opposed to the attitude toward character, is something no writer can learn from the greatest teacher; here he must fall back on his own resources, and Mr. Hughes's are weak. Whether because of immaturity or inexperience, he is unable to give people their final living quality; as types (though they are not types), the characters in "Retreat from Rostov" have a sort of basic validity, but they lack emotional dimension, and we are never very much concerned for their fate.

Obviously once we know the facts of an author's life it becomes all too easy to find evidences of them in his work. For instance, I have the strong impression that Mr. Hughes needs a wider experience of people than the circumstances of his life have afforded him. This is not to imply that only a cosmopolitan can write a good novel, but simply that Mr. Hughes needs to know more of human possibility than he has yet learned. All the memorable characters in fiction, lovable or not lovable, veer toward caricature in the perhaps paradoxical sense that they have been recognized by their authors to be as extravagantly strange and wonderful as human beings really are—the characters in "War and Peace" are an example—but I would guess that Mr. Hughes hesitates to "exaggerate" people because he doesn't trust himself to make the generalizations implicit in this kind of caricature. The exception in his book is the pair of Nazi friends, Baum and Schroeder, who, precisely because they are extravagantly conceived, are the most completely created and convincing of all his characters. Much more typical is his pair of foreign correspondents who are so excruciatingly "normal," even fashionable, that for purposes of evoking emotion they might just as well not exist. Of course, if you will, Mr. Hughes should be able to substitute imagination for experience; perhaps the born writer of fiction should be able to create a whole gallery of living portraits with no more than his own self to draw on. But the modern novel being what it is—such a poor little affair at best—for the moment it is enough that a writer have the taste and vision to know what a work of fiction *can* be, something bigger than his own small individuality, to greet him, if not as a born writer, then as a really promising talent.

Never having read "How Green Was My Valley," I am unable to compare Richard Llewellyn's new novel, "None but the Lonely Heart" (Macmillan Company, \$2.75), to its very successful predecessor. By its author's reputation, however, and quite on its own, I found it a disappointing book, full of genuine pathos and technical virtuosity but at the same time forced in its sentiment and over-elaborate in its writing. It is the story of Ernie Mott, a pimply cockney youth who, having lost his none too satisfying job as artist's apprentice, drifts rather unnaturally into gangsterism; I say unnaturally because Ernie's domestic timidity and his artist's brand of

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B

sensitiveness no more seem to jibe with his recklessness as a gangster than his Ma's brand of earthy morality jibes with her secret thievery. Mr. Llewellyn is at great pains to imply society's responsibility for Ernie's loneliness and degeneration, and the nice element in his study is his true respect for the boy's feelings, though I find it a bit excessive that the pronominal Ernie is capitalized throughout the book, as if He were God. The worst part of "None but the Lonely Heart" is the section, suggestive of Robert Nathan in a macabre mood, which describes the haunt of a certain lunatic character named Henry; and the whole gangster setup is pretty much Hollywood.

A much more direct and bare indictment of society than Mr. Llewellyn's cockney novel is Bucklin Moon's novel, "The Darker Brother" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Mr. Moon's biography of a charming little colored boy, born in Florida, whose mother brings him North to taste the joys of equality is not in any sense a great novel about Negroes—that is yet to be written; but it is a decent and effective one, and at least in its opening chapters a gifted one; the early scene at the railroad tracks is excellent. It is even a courageous book in its frank statement of the Negro's relation to the army and the war, and I regret that Mr. Moon took the sting out of his frightening truth by his last few pages of flag-waving. But the trouble with a novel like "The Darker Brother," as with even the best propaganda novels, is that it is read and taken to heart only by people who already know and have taken to heart; for its limited audience, it can only be an exacerbation of uneasiness and guilt, issuing in little of practical good.

Despite its praiseworthy plea for visas for refugees, which comes a bit late after all, Laura Z. Hobson's "The Trespassers" (Simon and Schuster, \$2.75) is an inept and rather tasteless book. Miss Hobson's novel is woven of two threads with hardly a tangling acquaintance with each other—the story of a New York career woman and her sterile-today, downcast-father-tomorrow lover, and the story of a Viennese psychoanalyst who is trying to get his family out of Nazi Europe. The relation between these two stories is hinted at in Miss Hobson's title, "The Trespassers" being presumably her ironic name for the baby who is not allowed to be born and the Austrian exiles who are not allowed to find refuge, but novelistically speaking, their chief connection is in the amount of time the heroine spends filling out applications for visas and in the fact that the analyst is there waiting, his wife conveniently dead, when Miss Hobson's career woman is ready for a better man than her selfish lover.

DIANA TRILLING

Twelve Poets of Latin America

TWELVE SPANISH AMERICAN POETS. An Anthology
Edited by H. R. Hays. Yale University Press. \$3.50.

THE publication of this new anthology should bring cheer to the hearts of those who love Latin American poetry and want it to reach a wider audience on this side of the Rio Grande. Not that the book itself is of such supernal quality, but because it bears evidence of having learned from its predecessor's mistakes. Last year Dudley Fitts's omnibus volume, like a traveler doing the grand tour of South America

by air in two weeks, covered much and discovered little. Now H. R. Hays, contributor of notes and a few translations to that earlier volume, takes a second trip. This time he covers less ground, looks more closely at what is in front of him, and lays a basis for the beginning of understanding on the part of his reader.

If some of the outstanding values in this new volume are prosaic, they are no less important. First of all, the book deals with a reasonable number of poets—not ninety-six, as in Mr. Fitts's volume, but a mere twelve—enough to give variety, and not too many to grasp at once. Second, it chooses its twelve for understandable reasons, and arranges their work (original and in translation) according to a plan—the "dozen leading poets have been selected in order to give the reader a bird's-eye view of contemporary Spanish American poetry." There are, the editor declares, many other poets as good, or nearly so, but these twelve "represent the most important contemporary trends." "A fair sampling of each poet's work" is included, and the poems "have been chosen to give an idea of the writers' development."

Add to these excellences a preface which sets poetry in its proper place in the panorama of South American culture and an account of the various influences, native and foreign, which make that poetry what it is today, and you have a competent guide to further exploration.

Like most guides, this one walks a steady pace with but little soaring. Its twelve starred contemporary poets are by and large those one would expect to find—Pablo Neruda and Vicente Huidobro of Chile, Nicolás Guillen and Eugenio Florit of Peru, José Gorostiza of Mexico, Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina, Jorge Carrera Andrade of Ecuador, Cesar Vallejo of Peru. These are "musts" in any anthology of poetry to the south. To find them here represented with six or eight poems apiece—all newly translated since the Fitts volume appeared—is to meet new evidence of their many-sided skills.

Of the other four, Ramón López Velarde of Mexico, who died in 1921, is a somewhat neglected genius whom the editor admires more than did his contemporaries. Pablo de Rokha of Chile is an intemperate experimentalist. Luis Carlos López of Colombia is a satirist. Jacinto Fombona Chocano is one of two poets in this book—Cesar Vallejo, who immortalized Spain's agony, is the other—whose poems as chosen show an awareness of the effect of war.

As for the translations, it cannot be said too many times that poetry is the major literary form in Latin America, and a minor one here. If it were otherwise, we might ask for better translations. As it is, those Mr. Hays has made are simple, in the main accurate, sometimes beautiful. Perhaps it is better for the cause of mutual appreciation that they should leave the average reader wishing he knew Spanish better so that he might read the poems in the original. Men have learned a language for lesser reasons. MILDRED ADAMS

Next Week in *The Nation*

"The Republic." By Charles A. Beard

Reviewed by Sidney Hook

"The Desire to Please." By Harold Nicolson

Reviewed by James Stern

MUSIC

AT ONE time it is "La Mer," at another "Ibéria" that seems to me Debussy's finest orchestral work; the truth is that of the works of his that are played these two are the greatest in amplitude and complexity of form and substance, in range and power and richness of musico-pictorial suggestion, and are the high points to which Debussy carries the individual processes of his style—his impressionistic *pointillisme* of thematic substance and instrumental color, and his orchestral polyphony. In "La Mer" it is the *pointillisme* that I find so exciting; in "Ibéria" it is the polyphony—the polyphony which is to be heard at an early stage in the closing pages of "L'Après-midi d'un faune" producing a new breath-taking harmonic subtlety with each forward step of the voices, and which in "Ibéria" attains its greatest density and produces its greatest richness of harmonic complexity and subtlety. I would say, moreover, that they are the most difficult works for an orchestra to play and for a conductor to make sense of: only Toscanini, in my experience, has succeeded in integrating all the bits of figuration and color and all the nuances of pace in "La Mer" into a coherent and magnificent form in sound; but on the other hand I do not feel that even he achieves this final integration of the complex detail of "Ibéria," marvelous as his performance is in other ways.

"Ibéria," you may be surprised to learn, is one of the set of three "Images"—the other two being "Gigues" and "Rondes de printemps," which are never performed. You are not to infer that they are—like "Sirènes," the third of Debussy's "Nocturnes"—not worth performing: conductors, even the ones who have reputations for being adventurous, follow beaten paths and leave a great deal of the finest music by Haydn, Mozart, Berlioz, and other composers unplayed. Constant Lambert, in his book "Music Ho!", speaks of the orchestral "Images" as the "culmination of Debussy's style," the final "synthesis of the various elements in music that Debussy had, in his earlier days, examined and developed separately" in the process of "complete self-realization." And so the announcement that Howard Barlow was going to play all three with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony at a recent Sunday afternoon broadcast induced me to give up a marvelously beautiful day in the country in order that I might

hear the performance from a first-rate radio. As it turned out I made the sacrifice for nothing, since it was impossible to get any dependable idea of the unfamiliar works from the blurred outlines and textures that reached my ears. From previous experience of Barlow's work I am sure that the blurring was initially in performances themselves; but I suspect that it was made worse by inefficiency in the broadcasting.

I suspect this because of what happened in the middle movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467—that movement after which one always hears the audience take a deep breath. Its impact is produced by the long cantilena of the piano moving calmly over agitated triplets and powerful plucked bass-notes from the orchestra; the effect depends on the piano's calm cantilena being kept clear above all the orchestral agitation down below; and in this broadcast performance the effect was destroyed by microphone placement or whatever else it was that caused the orchestra to blanket the piano, which at times could barely be heard and at times could not be heard at all. The little that I did hear of Casadesus's playing in this movement had none of the inflection with which Schnabel makes the cantilena itself breath-taking in the Victor set; and in the other movements, where it could be heard clearly, Casadesus's playing had the Czerny-exercise quality of French pianists' performance of Mozart.

One other point about the broadcast: The announcer informed the radio audience that it was about to hear Debussy's "Images" for orchestra, comprising "Gigues," "Ibéria," and "Rondes de printemps"; but he did not inform the audience that "Ibéria" itself comprised three movements, of which the second led directly into the third. The result was that most listeners, who must have been sufficiently baffled by the sounds that reached their ears, were further bewildered when they heard the second and third movements of "Ibéria" under the impression that they were "Rondes de printemps" and then heard another unidentified piece of music—the real "Rondes de printemps."

When, a few weeks ago, I finished describing how badly Serkin's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 27 No. 2 was recorded, I did not add: "Needless to say, the *Times* reviewer pronounced the recording excellent," because when I looked in the *Times* the review had not yet appeared. It was

a good thing that I waited, for it prevented a serious injustice to the *Times* reviewer: when the review did appear it pronounced the recording not "excellent" but merely "admirable." After this I don't dare to anticipate the cheery word which the recording will get from the *New Yorker* reviewer, who has a kindly pat on the head impartially for the best and for the worst.

B. H. HAGGIN

Art Note

MY MEMORY played tricks when I discussed last week the new Mondrian at the Museum of Modern Art. The painting has no orange, purple, or impure colors. Seeing it again, I discovered that it was the gray which Mondrian uses here in a new way for him that made me remember his scarlet and two shades of blue as purple and impure, and the yellow as orange. But I have the feeling that this after-effect legitimately belongs to one's first sight of the painting. The picture improves tremendously on a second view, and perhaps after an aging of six months or so it will seem completely successful.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

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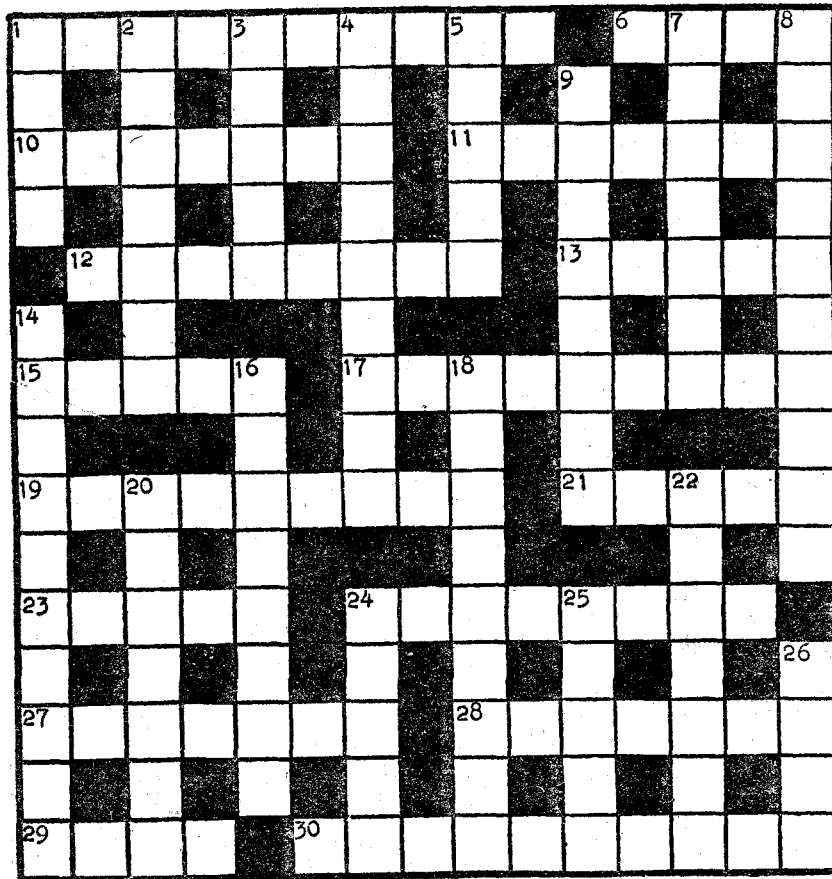
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JOHN PEALE BISHOP is the author of "Now with His Love," "Minute Particulars," and "Many Thousands Gone."

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 34

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 This insect might well contain poison
- 6 Hidden in A Midsummer Night's Dream
- 10 We are seven
- 11 Dresses
- 12 Surprising (if vulgar) occurrence with drink to begin with (two words, 3 and 5)
- 13 Outstanding
- 15 A minor prophet
- 17 Archelaus' answer when a conversational barber asked how he would be trimmed (two words, 2 and 7)
- 19 I'm on a diet (anag.)
- 21 After the same girl perhaps
- 23 Legal
- 24 G. B. S.'s retort to the importunate stranger who asked: "Are you Shaw?"
- 27 Dun mare (anag.)
- 28 The logic of Aristotle seems to open with an alternative and close with a negative
- 29 This is where the congregation comes in
- 30 Form of punishment the boxing profession put an end to

DOWN

- 1 The world's plaything
- 2 Part of the Old Testament puts an end to this tarradiddle
- 3 "As he -----, so shall he drink" (Ben Jonson)
- 4 It is natural that this famous conductor should start with a Puccini opera

- 5 The smallest bit stale
- 7 I'm Roman in origin? Great Scott, no!
- 8 According to plan
- 9 May be a vagrant, but he's got a roll
- 14 Tiny creatures
- 16 If you are a good trencherman you will look forward to this (two words, 4 and 4)
- 18 Desert phenomenon (hyphen, 4 and 5)
- 20 Well, I this, conveys no surprise on the captain's part
- 22 Modus -----, and it would seem to be a must in post-war planning
- 24 Army chaplain
- 25 You may know it as a mackinaw or great lake-trout
- 26 As a bug in a rug

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 33

ACROSS:—1 FACTION; 5 MOTHERS; 9 ANCRE; 10 FALSE HAIR; 11 HAIR TONIC; 12 CUT UP; 13 REEFERS; 15 ATELIER; 17 ALL WELL; 19 SKYWARD; 21 TULIP; 23 ORANGADE; 25 OUT AND OUT; 26 ANDES; 27 SPEARED; 28 REPINER.

DOWN:—1 FEATHER; 2 COCHINEAL; 3 INEPT; 4 NO FUNDS; 5 MALACCA; 6 TREACHERY; 7 EXACT; 8 SCRAPER; 14 EYE-OPENER; 16 IN A GARDEN; 17 ACTIONS; 18 LEOPOLD; 19 STARTER; 20 DRESSER; 22 LATHE; 24 GRASP.

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